

BIG JANUARY

Mark Down Sale Of Clothing

Men's, Boys' and Children's Winter Clothes

Marked way down below cost to close out to make room for Spring Goods.

This is a genuine Mark Down Sale where you can save money as we are over stocked with heavy goods.

Also a great line of Men's and Boy's Sweaters, marked way down, all sizes.

Don't fail to attend this sale, and save money.

W. H. FAY,

3 Congress St., - - Portsmouth.

GREAT REDUCTION

Boots

AND

Shoes

AT

Pettigrew Brothers'

37 Congress St.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

Every Household Should Have One.

Three Different Makes in Stock.

A. P. Wendell & Co.,

2 MARKET SQUARE

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR,

AT BRITTON'S EXPRESS OFFICE,

22 DANIEL ST.

The Finest Line of Woolens for Men's Wear Now Ready.

CUSTOM WORK STRICTLY—REPAIRING AND CLEANSING
—SATISFACTION ASSURED.

Suits Cleansed \$1.00. ... Trousers 25c.

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR.

Walden's Market, Vaughan Street.

MEATS,

VEGETABLES,

CANNED GOODS.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY TO ALL PARTS OF CITY.

FRENCH POLICY

Is A Monroe Doctrine For Morocco

TROUBLE IS FEARED AT ALGECIRAS

Germany And France Can Hardly Reconcile Claims

LATTER COUNTRY WANTS TO BE A FAVORED NATION

Algeciras, Spain, Jan. 25.—The confidential exchanges now going on among the representatives of the powers in the Moroccan conference disclose the extreme difficulty of arranging terms that both France and Germany will accept.

The German delegates put forward the attractive principle of disinterestedness and equal privileges for all countries.

The French delegates, on the other hand, maintain that France cannot be disinterested. They affirm that, having followed an active policy in Morocco for eight years and having obtained numerous advantages, France should not now be asked to take the same position as all the rest of the world. France virtually enunciates in a modified form the principle of the Monroe Doctrine in North-west Africa.

Germany insists on political equality with even more tenacity than she does on the question of economic equality.

The real struggle, however, is over the political future of Morocco. France would rather withdraw from the conference than tie up the political destiny of Morocco by international control.

Germany will press for the internationalization of the police.

FOR SULLIVAN COUNTY

Jesse M. Barton Chosen As Judge Of Probate

Concord, Jan. 25.—The important office of judge of probate of Sullivan county was filled on Wednesday at a special meeting of the Governor and council by the appointment of Jesse M. Barton of Newport. The selection was made after a session lasting from eleven o'clock in the forenoon until half-past three o'clock in the afternoon.

The office was left vacant by the death of Judge E. J. Tenney. The claims of four candidates were presented, those besides Mr. Barton being Robert J. Merrill, clerk of the judiciary committee of the last House of Representatives, and Ira G. Colby of Claremont and E. E. Leighton of Newport.

Those who urged the claims of the Claremont candidates argued that Claremont is the natural county seat. The accessibility of Newport was presented as a counter argument.

The resignation of John E. Allen of Keene as judge of probate of Cheshire county was received and accepted and Robert A. Ray of the same city was nominated to succeed him. Another candidate was George C. Litchfield, also of Keene.

VERDICT FOR PLAINTIFF

In the Seabrook Case of McQuillen Against Bristol

The Seabrook case of Bertha McQuillen against Frank L. Bristol was tried in superior court at Exeter on Wednesday and the plaintiff was awarded the sum of \$300. Eastman, Seamon and Gardner of Exeter were counsel for the plaintiff and Judge Thomas Leavitt of Exeter represented the defendant.

The jury was made up as follows:

Charles H. Brackett, foreman, Greenland; Charles E. Kimball, Brentwood; Will B. Gile, Raymond; Joseph B. Wilbur, Frenont; Charles Bailey, Hampstead; Henry T. Wheeler, Derry; Frank L. Mottram, Londonderry; James F. Marshall, William McEvoy, William H. Fay, William E. Maddock and John T. Flynn, of Portsmouth.

The following new jurors reported to the court on Wednesday:

Henry T. Wheeler, Derry; Arthur H. Sawyer, Exeter; Charles Bailey, Hampstead; Oliver H. Godfrey, Hampton; Frank L. Mottram, Londonderry; Robert B. Oakes, Salem; John W. M. Worledge, Windham, and William H. Fay, Charles C. Jones, James F. Marshall, William McEvoy and John F. Flynn of Portsmouth.

PASSED THROUGH HERE

Runaway Boys Came to This City From Manchester

Two lads who have been eagerly sought for two weeks were found early this week by the Waterville, Me., police. The boys are Ernest L. Gay, fifteen years old, son of George L. Gay of Natick, Mass., and Walter Stanyon, also of Natick.

The youths ran away from home and for a time foiled every attempt to catch them. They were traced from Natick to Boston, thence to Manchester, Portsmouth and Portland. From the latter city they went to Brunswick and from there to Waterville, where they were captured. They traveled on freight trains. They were very disconsolate in appearance and were evidently relieved that their wanderings were at an end.

The Waterville police took the boys to Portland, where they were met by relatives.

FRESHET CONDITIONS

Prevailed at Franklin and Railroad Traffic Blocked

Franklin, Jan. 25.—The ice in the Pemigewasset River broke up on Thursday under the spell of the warm wave, and the formation of jams in gorges at various points caused conditions approaching those of the freshet season.

On Smith River, a tributary of the Pemigewasset, a bridge at Profile Falls, on the Bristol branch of the Boston and Maine railroad, was covered with water to the depth of fifteen inches, so that railroad traffic was held up most of the day.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE

A Regular Meeting Held On Wednesday Evening

A regular meeting of Oak Castle, No. 4, Knights of the Golden Eagle, was held at the lodge rooms on High street on Wednesday evening.

It was voted to celebrate the anniversary of the order, which comes around on the 28th of next month.

One application for membership was received and the first degree will be worked at the next meeting.

LATEST NAVAL ORDERS

These naval orders have just been issued:

Rear Admiral W. S. Cowles appointed chief of the bureau of equipment in the department of the navy, Washington, with the rank of rear admiral, for a term of four years from Jan. 22.

Capt. G. L. Dyer commissioned a captain in the navy from Sept. 30, 1905, to the navy department, Washington, Feb. 1, for temporary duty.

Comdr. C. E. Rommel, retired, detached from navy yard, New York, to home.

WAS DEFEATED HERE

A write-up of the basketball team at Brewster Academy, Wolfboro, in the Boston Herald, contains the statement that the team has never been defeated since its organization. It may be true that the Brewster team has never succumbed to a school team, but it was certainly beaten by the Woods Brothers in this city last winter.

"I have been somewhat hostile, but Doan's Regulets gave just the results desired. They act mildly and regulate the bowels perfectly."—George B. Krause, 306 Walnut Ave., Altoona, Pa.

THE ESTIMATES

Of The Navy Department Made Public

NUMBER OF MEN TO BE DISCHARGED

Sixty The Estimate For The Portsmouth Yard

SO EXTENSIVE A DISCHARGE, NOT NECESSARY, HOWEVER

Sixty men, it is said, will be discharged from the steam engineering department of Portsmouth navy yard as a result of the refusal of the national House of Representatives to approve the deficiency bill of the bureau of steam engineering. This is in accordance with the estimates of the navy department. Such a

discharge would reduce the present force nearly one-third, as but 190 are now employed in this department.

The Herald is in a position to state, however, that no such extensive discharge will be made. At the most, it will not be necessary to discharge more than twenty men and it is possible that even the reduction of the force to this extent may be avoided. It is certain that the discharge of one-third of the men of the department will not be required.

The navy department's estimates call for the discharge of 300 men from the New York yard, 280 from the Boston yard, 260 from Norfolk, 120 from Mare Island and sixty each from Portsmouth, League Island and Bremerton.

The present situation is due to the apparent necessity of reducing the payroll of the bureau of steam engineering \$84,000. The reasons for this reduction were fully explained in these columns yesterday.

EARLIER THAN USUAL

Municipal Meeting Will Be Called at Half-Past Seven

The city fathers will commence business early this evening and Mayor Marvin will rap for order thirty minutes earlier than usual.

The councilmen consider the new hour late enough and say when there is not much business they can finish by eight o'clock, the former time of opening the meetings.

'MARTIN'

FOUND

Man Long Sought at Last Located

Accomplice In Page Murder, Wife Says

New York, Jan. 25.—A woman who caused the arrest of her husband in Brooklyn last night on a charge of assault, declared to the police that the man was an accomplice in the murder of Mabel Page at Weston, Mass.

While not placing too great faith in (Continued on page five.)

GEORGE B. FRENCH CO.

Continue Record Breaking Prices For Clearance.

New Lots At New Prices That Should Clear Them Quickly.

ONE COUNTER OF HOSIERY BARGAINS.

YOU HARDLY NEED ANY ADVICE FROM US ABOUT THESE, THE PRICES TELL THE STORY.

A lot of Men's Balbriggan Hose in broken sizes, all at one price regardless of their cost—they were 25c, now.....

5c.

A lot of Boys' Fancy Hose, very good wear, but sizes incomplete.....

5c.

A lot of Men's Black Hose, fine and heavy, fast black, also Odd Pairs of Fancy Hose, were 25c, now.....

12 1-2c.

Children's and Misses' Hose in a varied lot—Fancy Polka Dot, Plain Black and others are Tan, were 25c, now.....

5c.

Ladies' Black Hosiery in drop stitch—Boys' Heavy Ribbed Hose—Ladies' Fleece Hose—original prices 25c and 37c, choice of the lots.....

12 1-2c.

Special lots of Ladies' Fine Hosiery to close out the lines—Black Drop Stitch, very fine quality—Plain Black Hose, extra wear, in regular and oversizes—Ladies' Fine Cashmere Ribbed Hose—most of these are the 50c quality, one price on all, your choice.....

25c.

THESE ARE TRADE BARGAINS THAT YOU WILL DO WELL TO CONSIDER — BETTER NOT BE A LATE COMER.

OTHER COUNTERS OF DRAPERIES.

MUSLIN AND LACE DRAPERIES THAT APPEAL TO YOUR IDEAS OF ECONOMY.

6 Pairs of Muslin Draperies of the polka dot pattern with wide ruffle, to close the lot marked down from \$2.25 to.....

\$1.50

6 Pairs Extra Fine Muslin Draperies of choice figured body, were \$3.50, now.....

\$1.95

3 Pairs of Muslin Draperies with plain centre, border with double rows of tucks, former price \$1.25, sale price.....

95c

5 Pairs Bobinet Curtains with choice embroidered figures.

Muslin Draperies with pin head dot, very fine, only 3 pairs, worth \$2.00, for.....

\$1.25

Plain Muslin Ruffled Draperies.....

50c

17 Odd lots of 1/2 Pairs and 1 Pair—on these are prices one-quarter their worth.

1 Pair, the last of many were \$11.50, now.....

\$4.75

2 Pairs, handsome design, were \$5.50, for.....

\$3.00

1 Pair, worth the original \$7.50, now.....

\$4.50

2 Pairs, very fine design, were \$4.50, now.....

\$2.00

1 1/2 Pairs that were marked \$7.50, now.....

\$4.50

2 Pairs, good value at \$6.50, better value.....

\$4.50

2 Pairs our usual price \$9.00, now.....

\$5.00

2 Pairs that were \$3.75, now.....

\$2.25

MANY PERISH

In Wreck Of The Steamer Valencia

DISASTER OCCURRED IN HEAVY FOG

Story Told By Six Survivors Who Reached Cape Beale

A FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE FOLLOWED GROUNDING

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 24.—The steamer Valencia, Captain Johnson, of the Pacific Coast Steamship company, with ninety-four passengers on board and a crew of sixty, was wrecked eastward of Cape Beale on the Vancouver Island coast in the early morning of Tuesday, with a heavy loss of life, greater than that of any other disaster that has occurred near here since the terrible loss of life following the collision of the ship Orpheus with the steamer Pacific, when en route from Victoria to Portland.

The survivors who have reached Cape Beale, the boatswain and five seamen, sent to secure assistance in one of the steamer's boats, report that at least fifty persons were drowned alongside the steamer when boats loaded with women and children smashed against the steamer's side soon after they were lowered from the vessel.

100 Huddled On Saloon Deck
When they left over 100 persons were huddled on the saloon deck of the steamer, which was then partly submerged with the inrolling sea washing over the main deck.

A southeast gale was blowing, with the wind whistling through the cordage on the wrecked vessel at a velocity of over forty miles an hour, and huge seas pounded on the deck, threatening to break up the wreck.

Further Rescues Are Doubtful
Unless the several steamers which have been hurried to the assistance of the wrecked vessel can arrive in time to save those who remain on the wreck, it is doubtful if any will reach shore, for a landing in such a place is extremely difficult at all possible.

The Valencia sailed from San Francisco on her second trip to Victoria, replacing a recently disabled steamer on this route at 11 a. m., Saturday. This was the only clear day, and from Saturday evening Captain Johnson and his officers had to navigate by means of dead reckoning. Nearing the entrance to the straits the weather was very thick and the officers thought they were in the vicinity of the Umatilla Reef lightship near Cape Flattery, which as a good fog signal on board. Having had no observations and unable to make out their position in the thick weather prevailing, soundings were taken, showing thirty fathoms.

Steamer Struck Heavily
Immediately after the men with the lead lines reported thirty fathoms of water, the steamer struck heavily against some reefs off shore with a shock which shook all on board. The steamer did not run upon the reef, and was immediately backed away. As she went into deep water she began to fill, the impact with the rocks having greatly damaged the steamer. The engineers whistled to the bridge that water was pouring over the engine room plates and they were unable to stand by their engines, so fast did the water rise in the engine room.

Firemen Driven On Deck
They and the firemen were driven out, in answer to excited jingles from the bridge they gave what speed was possible and Captain Johnson turned the vessel again toward the beach.

As the Valencia was foundering as a result of her impact with the rocks, the only possible chance to save any of those on board was to put the vessel ashore again with the hope, scant though it was, of landing those on board on the rocky coast.

Frightful Inrush of Water
Before she struck again on the rocks the engineers, firemen and all

below had been driven above by the inrush of water, and the seas soon began to roll over the main deck. Water was over the deck when the boats were being lowered, the lights being extinguished by the flooding of the engine room before the work was commenced.

Swept Into Sea And Drowned
The loss of life was awful when the boats were lowered. Two boats filled with women and children were swept against the side of the steamer, smashed and completely wrecked, all those in the boats being swept into the sea and drowned.

When the six survivors who had arrived at Cape Beale left the Valencia, she was lying head on to the sea and was about thirty yards from the high bluff on shore, with water over her main deck. What were left of her passengers, a large number having previously been drowned, were muddled in the saloon deck.

Steamers Hurry To Rescue
Up to 10 o'clock efforts to secure further details from Cape Beale of the wreck had been unavailing. Three steamers are on the way. The steamer Queen City, which left here early this morning, passed the wreck without sighting her. The weather was thick at that time. Captain Townsend of the Queen City telegraphed from Bamfield Creek asking if he should return to the wreck, but was ordered to proceed on his voyage. Other steamers are on the way.

STILL A PRISONER
But Kinney Prefers Alfred Jail To Police Station

Chief of Police Harmon of Biddeford made arrangements Wednesday morning to have Harry H. Kinney, who was convicted in the police court Tuesday on a charge of assault with intent to murder Charles O. Gould, taken to Alfred jail to await the action of the grand jury, when Leroy Haley, the prisoner's attorney, came into the station and said he expected to get bail for him yesterday.

The Journal was informed that relatives of Kinney were raising money on real estate they owned in Massachusetts, which will be put up in this city for the release of Kinney. The brother-in-law of the latter said Tuesday that he was sure they could raise \$2,000, but could not raise \$3,000.

There has been some talk made about the bail being reduced from \$3,000 to \$2,000. County Attorney Emery said yesterday after the trial that \$2,000 was sufficient bail to warrant him being on hand at the May term of court, if he could get bonds at all. Kinney told the police that unless he got bonds he wanted to be taken to Alfred jail, as he had got enough of the police station.

MASTERS AND PILOTS
Oppose Passage Of Littlefield Anti-Pilotage Measure

The grand harbor of masters and pilots of steam vessels of the United States, the supreme body of the Steamboat Association of the United States, is holding its annual session in Washington. Delegates representing the steamboat men of every important in the country and from St. Michaels, Alaska, and Honolulu are present.

The harbor adopted resolutions protesting against the passage by Congress of the Littlefield anti-pilotage bill, which, if enacted into law, the pilots declare, will be a blow to pilotage below Cape Henry, Va., as it is held that it will leave it optional with the vessel master whether he takes a pilot or not. The protest will be presented to Congress.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO CRISPIN Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. F. W. Grove's signature is on box. 25c.

WOULD BE APPRECIATED
A Timetable of Portsmouth and Exeter Railway

The New Hampshire Traction Company would confer a favor on the Portsmouth patrons by issuing a timetable giving the schedule of cars on the Portsmouth and Exeter line and stating what rules are enforced on Sunday. Hourly cars have been run every Sunday until the present week, when passengers who left Market square at 9:25 were obliged to wait at The Plains until half past ten.

The Merchants' Exchange might make an effort to have the Exeter cars run into Market square.

FOR ALLEGED THEFT
Man Charged With Stealing Watch At Langdon House

A man charged with stealing a watch at the Langdon House was arrested by the police last evening. He claims that the owner gave it to him to keep for him.

GRANITE STATE ELKS

Had Their First Banquet At Manchester

WITH AN EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT LAST EVENING

The first banquet of the New Hampshire Association of Elks was given on Wednesday evening in Manchester. There was also an excellent vaudeville entertainment and a dance. Thirty or more members of Portsmouth Lodge of Elks were among those in attendance.

The New Hampshire Association practically came into existence at Keene on April 3, 1905 and its objects are to bring together the Elks of the state, to conduct an annual outing every summer and give an annual banquet every winter.

The banquet of Wednesday evening was a most delectable repast and the assembled Elks enjoyed one of the pleasantest gatherings in the history of their order in New Hampshire.

The entertainment was especially fine, the program being as follows: Miss Lizzie Otto, Dot Davenport, serio-comic vocalist and coon shouter. Leona Harrison, acrobatic serio-comic dancer. Kitty Hoffmann, songs and monologs. Sarto, the Hindoo dancer.

Brother W. A. Evans of Manchester, lodge of Elks, topical songs. Henry Myers, black face comedian. Frances Harrison, comedienne. Young Sandow and Otis Lambert exponents of physical culture. Brother John H. Hayes, P. E. R., of Manchester Lodge, topical songs. La Belle Freda, dancer.

Ed Kelley acted as stage manager and Miss Lizzie Otto was musical director. The reception committee was composed of the following gentlemen: T. M. Hyde, chairman, H. B. Dunton, W. H. Mara, John C. Ryan, H. W. Harvey, T. J. Dalton, W. A. Doherty, J. Connor.

The principal officers of the state association are Charles P. Bodwell, Manchester, president; Charles H. M. Williams, Berlin, vice president; Herbert B. Dow, Portsmouth, secretary; Dr. O. J. Peplu, Dover, treasurer.

DID NOT ARRIVE
Pictures Went Astray, But Were Found in Boston

The opening of the Turner art exhibit at the Y. M. C. A. building on Wednesday evening was unavoidably postponed, owing to the failure of the pictures to arrive. The racks arrived on Wednesday afternoon, but the large trunk containing the pictures and works of art did not put in an appearance.

They were shipped from Groveland, Mass., Monday morning and were exhibited in the schools of Georgetown as soon as it was discovered that the pictures had gone astray. Manager Parsons of the local American Express office was notified and he began an investigation. It was learned that the trunk containing them had not been received by the expressmen, being running between this city and Newburyport and the Turner Art Company was notified by telegraph.

Early in the evening the trunk was located in Boston with no address upon it. It was immediately reshipped and reached this city about nine o'clock.

The exhibit will be opened at three o'clock this afternoon.

POET'S SON DEAD
Expires While Talking to a Friend in Pittsburgh

F. S. Steadman, son of Edmund Clarence Steadman, the aged New York poet, whose former summer home was at New Castle, dropped dead at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Tuesday, just after alighting from a train from New York, where he had been to visit his father.

He was one of the best known doct-funerals of the country. He married to discuss the coming bench show with a friend and was telling him of some fine entries which he had procured in New York when he pressed his hand to his side and fell dead.

Mr. Steadman was the Pittsburgh agent for several New York publishing houses and an authority on rare books.

The ninth annual entertainment and fair of Wadsworth Lodge, Knights of Pythias, closes at New Castle this evening.

The Burglary at the Bishop's

A CHRONICLE OF THE BURGLARS' CLUB

By HENRY A. HERRING

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The bishop of Bister's dinner hour was eight. At 7:55 a servant brought him a card on which was written: "Georgiowitch Kassala, Mush. L. Van, Khurd, craves audience."

"A very awkward time for calling," said the bishop, consulting his watch unnecessarily. Then, with a sigh: "Ask your mistress to postpone dinner ten minutes."

His lordship ambled to the examination room. A man in a loose blue ca-sack-like garb rose at his entrance—a big-limbed, red bearded man, with enormous eyebrows.

From his capacious pocket he drew out a bundle of papers. He abstracted one and handed it to the bishop.

It was a blue document from Scotland Yard, informing all and sundry that the bearer, Georgiowitch Kassala, a Christian priest, was authorized to collect subscriptions for the Church of St. Barnabas at Mush, in Khurdistan. "Ah," said the bishop. "My friend, you shall not appeal to me in vain. We will speak again of this. You will, of course, spend the night under my roof, and now, if you will join us at dinner, I shall be very pleased."

The priest's face broke into smiles. It was 8:10 when they entered the drawing-room. "My dear," said the bishop, appeasing his hungry wife. "I have brought a visitor from Mush, in Asia Minor. Mr.—er—Kassala—Mrs. Dacre—my daughters. This is my chaplain, Mr. Jones, and this is our friend, Mr. Marmaduke Percy."

The bishop found his guest profoundly interesting, and he twice made notes in his pocketbook about Asiatic matters. Later the conversation turned on vestments and such matters. "Do you know, your grace," said Mr. Kassala. "I have heard that you are the only bishop with a pastoral staff. Is that so?"

"No. It's the other way about. I'm the only bishop who hasn't one. I alone share with the archbishops the dignity of a crozier. The old crozier of the see is now kept in our chapter house. It was falling to bits, so last year the ladies of the county presented me with a new one. If you like, I will show it to you."

Five minutes later the chaplain reappeared, bringing a long case with him. This was duly opened, and Mr. Kassala had the pleasure of inspecting the crozier. It was of ebony and gold, richly jeweled. It was a work of art well worth the encomiums bestowed upon it by the Asiatic.

"With your permission, your grace," he said, "I should very much like to make a water-color sketch of it in order to show to my archbishop, who is deeply interested in such matters. He has a very fine one himself. Would you permit me?"

"By all means," said the bishop. "Thank you. I will do it before breakfast in the morning. I am an early riser. I suppose I may find it in this room?"

The bishop nodded, but Mr. Percy intervened. "Allow me to take care of it over night, bishop. I don't think you ought to leave such a valuable article about."

The bishop smiled good-humoredly as you like," he said. "Now shall we join the ladies?"

At 11 they all retired to rest, Mr. Percy carefully carrying to his room the bishop of Bister's crozier.

The Rev. Arthur Jones, his lordship's chaplain, was a light sleeper at best, and to-night the excitement of Mr. Kassala's visit kept him particularly wide-awake. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a noise outside his room. He got out of bed and opened his door quietly. Some one was stealthily walking along the corridor.

The figure passed a window and the moonlight fell upon Mr. Kassala. It was a great wonderment Mr. Jones followed for two minutes Mr. Kassala paused in a state of indecision. Then he advanced to a door and gently opened it. Mr. Jones was paralyzed with horror. It was the bishop's bedroom. What could Mr. Kassala want there? Dazed and reached this city about nine o'clock.

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Kassala and the shivering Jones returned to their rooms.

There was no sleep for the unhappy chaplain that night. "Ha! What was that? Again a creak outside. For a moment he listened breathlessly. Then he opened his door again. Good gracious! There was Mr. Kassala once more sinking down the corridor."

Hastily putting on his dressing gown, Mr. Jones followed with nervous strung to their highest tension. This time the Asiatic walked with no uncertain step. He stopped at Mr. Percy's door and tapped gently. The light in the room was turned on, and the door opened by Mr. Percy himself. Mr. Kassala entered, and the door closed noiselessly behind him.

For some minutes Mr. Jones stared at the door in blank amazement. Then he turned around and walked slowly back to his own room.

"Where is Mr. Kassala?" were the bishop's first words on entering the breakfast room the next morning. Although his lordship had betrayed no consciousness of his existence, Mr. Jones felt that the inquiry was leveled at him.

"I do not know, my lord," he answered. "John," said the bishop to his butler, "will you inform Mr. Kassala that breakfast is on the table?"

In a few minutes John returned with the information that Mr. Kassala's room was empty, that his bed had not been slept in, and that nobody had seen him that morning.

"That is very singular," said his lordship. Then, after a pause, "One hardly likes to say so; but I must confess my confidence in the bona fides of Mr. Kassala has been shaken. You spoke about burglars last night, Marmaduke, in reference to my crozier, which seemed to have a peculiar attraction for Mr. Kassala. I hope it is safe."

"I put the case on the top of my wardrobe last night, and it was there five minutes ago," said Mr. Percy.

The chaplain was bursting with indignation at Mr. Percy's concealment of his midnight interview with Mr. Kassala. He longed to expose him, but shrank from the necessity of a painful scene.

"Mildred," said Mrs. Dacre suddenly. "let us look through the drawing room silver at once. I hope the equestrian statuette of your father is safe."

While the ladies were ticking off their household goods, Mr. Percy went to his room to pack, and Mr. Jones followed.

"May I have his lordship's crozier?" asked the chaplain.

"Certainly. Here you are. But you do look unhappy, Jones. What is the matter?"

Mr. Jones took the case without replying.

"The key was in the lock last night," he remarked.

"Was it? Then it must have dropped out somewhere. Perhaps it's on the floor." Both Mr. Percy and the chaplain looked very carefully for it.

"Never mind," said the former, after five minutes' fruitless search. "It will probably turn up after I've gone. Remember that I'll be responsible for any damage."

The chaplain was very pale. "Mr. Percy," he said, "I know of your mid-night interview with Mr. Kassala."

Mr. Percy fixed his monocle. "Do you, old man?" he replied. "Then I won't be the one to get you into trouble over it. You may rely on me. If you don't say anything, shan't. Now, good-by. It'll take me all my time to get my things toge-ther."

Mr. Jones left the room more bewildered than ever. His lordship, after leaving stringent instructions regarding Mr. Kassala, should he again appear, went by the noon train to town with Mr. Percy.

Mr. Jones appeared singularly distracted all day, and about 11 o'clock at night, with determination on his face, he forced the lock of the crozier case. His worst fears were realized. In place of the crozier of ebony, gold and jewels, there reposed in the purple velvet lining a common bedroom poker.

At that very moment the bishop of Bister's crozier lay on the table of a London mansion. Twelve men were gathered round it, complimenting the host upon it. Their host, by the way, was lately his majesty's secretary of state for Egypt. He was now at rest in a long blue cassock-like garb, such as Asiatic priests may wear.

"By the burglary of the bishop of Bister's crozier, Lord Ribston's subscription has been paid for the next two years," said one of the men, making a cipher note in a book.

"Gentlemen," said the man in the priestly garb, rising to his feet, amid applause, "I am proud once more to have been able to fulfill the mandate of the Burglars' club. With your permission, I will now pack up the ban-dole so that it may be returned by the midnight express, in order to ease the mind of a most worthy man, his lordship's chaplain. But before I do so, wish to propose a new member to Marmaduke Percy. Yesterday he saved my life, and I have a small bag of gold to reward him. I have a small bag of gold to reward him. I have a small bag of gold to reward him."

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THE THEATRICAL FOLK

The Colonial Stock Company

The aim of the management of the Colonial Stock Company is not only equal to any other organization, but to excel. It is in this way that the patronage that is always accorded this company is earned. The company this season is even better than previously and is headed by the popular and talented young leading man, Rollo Lloyd, who has a universal reputation as a leading man. Some of the very best plays that are being presented during the engagement in a lavish manner with all necessary accessories and embellishments. A long list of up-to-date vaudeville acts will be presented between the acts, specialties that will surely be a treat to the theatregoers of this city. The Colonial Stock Company comes to Music Hall beginning next Monday for a week's engagement, Friday excepted.

Thoroughly Enjoyed
"Our Pastor," a comedy drama something on the order of "The Parish Priest," with Daniel Sully in the leading role, was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience at the National Theatre last evening. The play is well conceived with just enough comedy and heart interest intermingled to sustain the attention of the audience until the drop of the final curtain. Mr. Sully is decidedly successful as Father Daly and the rest of the company supports him cleverly.—Rochester (N. Y.) Union and Advertiser, March 28, 1905.

The Wonderful Hippodrome
The swing of the social pendulum is in the direction of the New York Hippodrome, where that modern marvel of productions and spectacles, "A Society Circus," is twice daily attracting thousands and establishing the greatest success ever recorded. The Hippodrome is vying with the opera, so far as the patronage of the socially elect is concerned and when the magnificence, grandeur and beauty of the production is considered, the result is understood. The large circle at the Hippodrome is occupied nightly with the leaders of society and box parties are the latest fad among the dictators of fashion. The combination of drama, circus and opera appeals to the most jaded of amusement appetites. Nowhere has such a program been offered to theatregoers and from the rising of the curtain, disclosing a charming woodland scene—a gypsy encampment—new wonders delight and enthrall until he indescribably beautiful tableau of "The Court of the Golden Fountains," holds them spellbound with amazement. New circus acts added to the bill include Ralph Johnstone, in wonderful feats on the wheel; the Bonhair-Gregory troupe of seven, champion acrobats of the world; the Four Dumbars, aerial wonders and Mlle. Loris, in a harebrake baroque on high school riding. It is the first time any of these artists have appeared in America. Matinees are given daily.

5 BIG SPECIALTIES 5
LADIES' NIGHT MONDAY
Evenings 10, 20, 30c Matinees 10, 20c

Special Ladies' Ticket
This ticket and 15 Cents can be exchanged for a first-class reserved seat for ladies only, for Monday Night, if presented at the Box Office before 5 p. m., Monday, Jan. 29. (Limited to 300 Tickets.)

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How's Your Stomach?
B. Coleman Has A Remedy Which
He Guarantees To Cure The Worst
Case Of Stomach Troubles.

We wish to tell the readers of this paper about a remedy which is a marvel in medicine. It cures the worst case of stomach troubles, from the acute attack of indigestion to Chronic Dyspepsia. This remedy is known as **ARNOLD'S LITTLE DINNER PILL**, being the prescription of Dr. Hutchinson, the noted specialist of London and Brighton, England, who, in his long career, had built up a remarkable practice as a specialist in all diseases of the stomach. Dr. Hutchinson claimed that his success was due to the use of this pill, and since its introduction to the American Continent it has performed many wonderful cures. Dr. J. H. Leonard, of Case, Mo., writes: "I am now past 81 years of age, and have had stomach trouble practically all my life. I eat and sleep as well as I do now, and I feel like a new man. I am now past 81 years of age, and have had stomach trouble practically all my life. I eat and sleep as well as I do now, and I feel like a new man. I am now past 81 years of age, and have had stomach trouble practically all my life. I eat and sleep as well as I do now, and I feel like a new man."

ARNOLD'S LITTLE DINNER PILL
CLAUDE ARNOLD, QUARTER SIZES.
15 cents each, 2 for a quarter.
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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE

WILL GODFREY'S LAST LEAP.

It was a sultry afternoon in the middle of August. The hot air, which had a slight haze, hung like a transparent curtain of light and heat. The couch on which Will Godfrey had lain ever since his hunting accident in the spring had a view of a flower garden richly decked with scarlet and gold, and beyond it of the sun-scorched park where oaks, elms, and chestnuts spread great branches, clad in the tintless foliage of late summer. The deer were huddled together in the shade; there was little sign of stirring life, all Nature seemed asleep.

The doctor was sitting near Will. His eyes at the present moment were so full of sorrow that he dared not raise them. There had been a consultation that morning with a great London surgeon, and the result was supposed to be favorable—life might possibly be prolonged under certain conditions.

Will was a man of almost gigantic build. He looked like Goliath laid low, Goliath dying by inches instead of by one swift stroke from his own sword.

"How long will this go on, doctor?" he said, abruptly, looking at his friend with great wistful eyes.

The doctor did not speak for a moment. He raised his eyes, but not to his patient's face; they wandered round the room, the walls of which were full of pictures of hunting scenes.

"How long will this go on?" he repeated, insistently.

"It may be for months—even years. You are suffering from creeping paralysis, but that is often very slow."

"There is no hope for recovery, not even of partial recovery, doctor?"

"God knows I wish there were; that's one of the hardest parts of a doctor's life, the being unable to do more than patch up a magnificent frame like yours."

"There was a rabbit once, half-killed and quivering—we knocked it on the head and put it out of its pain; we didn't leave it in its misery; we didn't feed it up to prolong the anguish. And the very horse which fell with me, whose legs were broken, was shot, that very hour; it wasn't left to linger. Man is less cruel than God. Man understands—God does not."

"Hush," said the doctor gently. He was a man of great reverence of thought and feeling.

Evelyn Godfrey came in at that moment, a beautiful woman with a singularly young, girlish face and an extraordinary expression of vitality. She was pale, with a soft, creamy paleness and had black eyebrows and intensely gray, black-fringed eyes.

She waited till the doctor had gone, and then knelt down by her husband and stroked his hand.

"I was thought an idle man, wasn't I, Lyn?" he said, softly, smiling at her—oh, what a sad smile it was!—"but I made a business of sport and active games; there was no season of the year when time hung heavy on my hands. There was hunting in the winter and early spring, fly fishing in May, grouse shooting in August, partridge and pheasant shooting afterward, and between whiles golf."

"Doesn't it hurt you to talk about it?" said Lyn, with a break in her voice.

"No—it's the only comfort I have. I never knew I had such a strong imagination. I shut my eyes and see the very scenes where I have been so happy—the golf links, the meet at the crossroads, the moors, the covers—but sometimes all the pictures run into on another like a kaleidoscope."

"Shall I read to you?" said Lyn, gently.

"No—talk to me. You're a good woman, Lyn, aren't you?"

"Do you know what I said to the doctor?"

She shook her head.

"I spoke of a rabbit that had been wounded to death, whose condition was hopeless. I said if a man saw that animal he would immediately put it out of its pain; he would be thought a brute if he didn't. The mere brutes are better off than men—they're not allowed to live when existence means torture. And yet the two cases can't be compared for suffering; the brute has a certain amount of physical pain, but that's all; it has no imagination to paint pictures of never-to-be-had-again delight, no highly strung nerves to increase its agony tenfold."

"But the mere brute isn't taken care of, nursed tenderly," said Lyn.

"That's only a refinement of cruelty when there's no hope. Little woman," he went on, gravely looking at her with very kind eyes, "you married a strong man fond of sport, full of the joy of living, to whom life meant health and strength and a roaring good time; this cripple lying on a stretcher is really a stranger to you."

"Ah, don't say that," she cried, imploringly, stretching out her hand.

"It must be true. I'm a stranger to myself. I can't imagine myself chained to this stretcher unable to move without pain. It's not Will Godfrey who is lying here—no, Will Godfrey is the man I think about in my dreams, leaping the ditches on a chill spring morning, or marching over the grouse moors with a gun—not this corpse of a man, dead to everything he loved."

"But am I nothing to you?" sobbed poor Lyn, who felt that her cup of anguish was indeed full.

"I'm not, so to say, a good man," Will went on dreamily. Churningbored me, and that's the truth. I went because you liked it, darling, and because it was the right thing for the acre at the Hall, example, and all

Narrow minded man—The Indian.

LIBBY THE UNLOVED.

Libby Anderson hung the dishcloth on its accustomed nail, and stood there surveying it. It was plain from the way she looked, that she had determined to speak.

"Ma," she asked of the woman who was sitting before the little round stove, "what were those papers Dave put in his pocket as I came in?"

"Some things he was showin' me," "Ma," she asked quivering, "you didn't sign anything, did you?"

"I didn't sign your name to anything," And the needles clashed again.

She knew her mother too well to press further.

"I just couldn't understand Dave coming here this time of year," she ventured; "and I thought he acted queer."

The old woman was folding her knitting.

"I'm going to bed, and you'd better come along, too," was her reply.

A week went by, and although Libby had twice forgotten to feed the chickens, and had several times let the kettle burn dry, she was beginning to feel more settled in her mind.

She did up the work one morning and went to town.

Her first call was at the solicitor's, and here she heard the worst. Ma had assigned their home to Dave, asking him again to let his mother die on the old place. A week passed, and an answer had not come, and still Ma had not left her bed. The parking was all done. It was the first of May, and she was just waiting—she did not know for what.

Her whole soul rose up against moving Ma from the old place now, when her days were so surely numbered; and so she sent a telegram to Dave, telling him his mother was ill, and asking leave to stay a little longer. There came a reply from his partner, saying that Dave was away and would not be home for two weeks.

That night the old woman raised herself and sobbed out the truth.

"It's Dave that's killing me! It's to think Dave sold the place and turned me out to die!"

And then the way opened before Libby, and she saw her path.

The disinherited child wrote a letter that night, and to it she signed her brother's name. Out in the world they might have applied to it an ugly word, but Libby was only caring for Ma. She was a long time about it, for it was hard to put things in Dave's round, bold hand, and it was hard to say them in his silky way.

"It ain't that I'm goin' to die," she said, when Libby came in and found her crying; "but I was thinkin' of Dave. I keep thinkin' and thinkin' of him when he was a little boy, and how he used to run about the place, and how pretty he used to look; and then, just as I begin to take a little comfort in rememberin' some of the smart things he said, I have to think of what he has done, and it does seem like he might have waited till—"

But the words were too bitter to be spoken, and with a hard scraping sound in her throat, she turned her face to the wall.

Libby put her hand to something in her pocket and thought of last night's work with thankfulness.

About eleven o'clock she entered the room with the sheets of a letter in her hand.

"Ma, she said tremulously, 'here's a letter just come from Dave.'"

"I knew it'd come—I knew it!" And the voice filled the room with its triumphant ring. Then there crept into her face an anxious look. "What did he say?"

"He's sorry about selling the place, Ma. He really thought you'd like it better in town. But he's fixed it up for you to stay. He says you'll never have to leave the place."

"I knowed it—I knowed it well enough! You don't know Dave like I do. But read me the letter."

She did read it, and the old woman listened with tears-glad tears now—falling over her withered cheeks.

"You can just unpack our things," she cried, when it was finished, "and get this place straightened out. The idea of your packin' up, and think we was goin' to move to town! Nice mess you've made of it! Jest as if Dave would hear of us leavin' the place. I always knowed you'd never 'preciated Dave."

Before morning broke Ma was dead. Happy, because she had back her old faith in Dave—the blind, beautiful faith of the mother in the son. And Libby—the homeless and unloved—was happy, too, for she had finished well her work of caring for Ma.—London Answers.

A Good Majority. A well known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instructions to half a dozen students, according to the Medical Age. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said:

"Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case of operation?" One by one each student made his diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel, "and I shall operate tomorrow."

"No you won't," said the patient, as he rose in his bed; "six to one is a good majority; gimme my clothes."

Bills—"What made that preacher say he wished the members of his congregation were somnambulists?" Wilks—"So they would stop snoring and walk out when they went to sleep."

THE PEDDLER'S STORY.

A cold winter's night, several years since, found a stage-load of passengers gathered around the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night.

After we had eaten supper, we repaired to the bar-room, where the conversation flowed freely.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me. You see I am now right from the West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was during the early part of last spring, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock county, Indiana. I said it was a pleasant—I mean warm. I went in and called for supper and had my horse taken care of. After I had eaten, I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and it was very dark out of doors. Now I wanted to be in Jackson the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me which I intended to dispose of on my way home.

"The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could get along through the mud very well after that. So I asked the landlord if he would see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off about two. He expressed some surprise at this and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load about out and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning.

"There were a number of persons sitting round while I told this, but I took little notice of them; only one arrested my attention. I had seen that week notices for the detection of a notorious robber. The bill gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber, I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the individual. He said he did not know him. He had come that afternoon and intended to leave the next day.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time and immediately rose and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast. However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pine. The road lay directly through this wood, and as near as I can remember the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east and the road ran nearly west, so I thought I should have light enough.

"I had entered this wood and gone about half a mile when my wagon wheels settled with a jump and jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from some source. What could it be? I looked quietly around but could see nothing, yet I knew the sound that I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up, I felt something besides the jerk from the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant.

"Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined that somebody had taken this method to obtain a ride. My next idea was that somebody had got in to sleep there; but this passed away as soon as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever there was had broken in. My next thought was of the suspicious individual I had seen at the tavern. He heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then creep over and shoot me or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"In a few moments my horse was knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my pistol and having twined the reins about the whipstock, carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind and examined the hump. This door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over the staple and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its own place by a bit of pine, so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench stood in a leather pocket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Of course I knew my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started,

PERHAPS AN ERROR

The Old Man Tried to Explain N. A way to his satisfaction. "Uh-huh! Yo' is, is yo'?" pessimistically inquired good old Brother Brownback.

"Yes, sah!" pompously replied the semi-educated young colored man. "I am called by the Lord to preach the Gospel to a sin-sick and waiting world!"

"Hum-m-m! Dat mought be de case and den agin it moughtn't. Fum what I know of yo' general debility, sah, I's sawtuh declined to 'pickin dat dar am a dellection in yo' specification. Mebby yo' is called by de Lawd, like yo' lows yo' is; and agin, it's barly possible dat dar am 'suthin' reed delectiously wrong wid yo' hearin' or else de Lawd done made a mistake and got the names mixed."—Puck.

He Lasted Well. They were in the family portrait section of the gallery, and it seemed to Miss Golithly that her English visitor was deeply impressed.

"Yes, these are all my ancestors," she said, proudly. "Now, this is my great-great-grandfather, when he was a young man, of course. Isn't he handsome? My grandfather used to tell my mother that his grandfather—that's this one—was a splendid-looking man as long as he lived, and as popular with women as with men because he was such a hero."

"Brave? I guess he was! Why, he never fought in a battle that he didn't lose an arm of a leg or something, from being right in front of everybody. He was in twenty-three engagements!"—Youth's Companion.

A MISTAKE. Teacher—Willie Give me a sentence containing the word delight. Willie My mother puts out de light when I'm in bed.

And Still He Isn't Satisfied. "What's Maude crying about now?" "Oh, she asked her husband if he would marry again in case she died, and he declared that he wouldn't."

"Well, nothing wrong about that." "No; but you should have heard him say it!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Still Has Them. "I understand Mrs. Vick-Senn and her husband had some high kicks yesterday."

"It's true so far as it relates to her. He may have had a few words also, but he didn't get a chance to use them."—Chicago Tribune.

Effective. "Did you give your wife that lecture on economy you said you were going to?"

"Yes; you bet I did!" "Have any effect?" "Ye-es, I'm going to make my last winter's suit do for this winter."—Houston Post.

The Time to Climb. Climb the ladder of fame while you are young. Not only is your wind better and your avoirdupois less then, but people are not so likely to make irritating remarks about your making a monkey of yourself.—Puck.

Next. She—I want something to make the bread rise. Floorwalker—Alarm clocks third counter to the right.

What She Desires. "It may not be your intention," remarked Miss Gaddie, "but doesn't it occur to you that your treatment of me is rather calculated to make us bad friends?"

"No," replied Miss Kander, coolly, "I had an idea it would make us good enemies."—Philadelphia Press.

Deeply Ingrained. "What kind of a man is old Wheelicks?" asked the newcomer. "Wheelicks?" said the other. "He's the contrariest, most selfish old wretch that ever lived. When one of his teeth aches there's not another tooth in his mouth that sympathizes with it."—Chicago Tribune.

Poor Fellow. "Blasphemy is the most bashful man I ever knew." "How on earth, then, did he come to get married?" "He was too bashful to refuse."—Answers.

One Economy. "Old Jones must be very rich. Three of his daughter have had the operation for appendicitis." "Oh, I don't know! It doesn't require any clothes."—Life.

Reasonably Certain. Though one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives," no doubt the feminine half of that half is doing its best to find out. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Estelle—"Does Maude get her beautiful complexion from her mother?" Adele—"No, from the drug store."

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and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"Let me out of this!" he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted my head so as to make him think I was in my usual place and then asked him what he was doing there."

"Let me out and I will tell you," he replied.

"Tell me what you are in there for."

"I got in here to sleep on the rag," he answered.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Let me out or I'll shoot you through the head."

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck a hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going, the distance of twelve miles I slipped back on the footboard and took the whip. In fifteen minutes we cleared the wood, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out.

"Finally he stopped, and in a few moments came the report of a pistol—one-two—three—four, one right after the other. I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of these balls, if not two, would have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell, and then I said—

"O God save me!—I'm a dead man!"

"Then I made a shuffling, as though I was falling off, and finally settled down on the footboard again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with my whip stock, and she peeled faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made tremendous efforts to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts on the top.

All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock. We were not an hour going that dozen miles—not a bit of it; I hadn't much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth, and say I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more than that, my passenger was safe, yet I was glad when I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"Well, old fellow," said I, as I got down and went to the back of the wagon, "you've had a good ride, haven't you?"

"Who are you?" he cried, and he swore as he asked the question.

"I am the man you tried to shoot!" was the reply.

"By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained the case. After this I got one of them to run and roust the sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came and two men with him. I told him the whole affair in a few words, and then made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. I then slipped the wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle, and he came down on his face. He was marched to the lockup, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and if I should remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered.

"I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of the vehicle just as I expected.

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the right villain."

"I afterwards found a letter in the postoffice at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, informing me that the fellow who tried to kill and rob me was in prison for life."—Waverly Magazine.

The Drinking Record. The tombs of Beni Hassam are interesting on account of their realistic paintings. In these tombs, which are 5,000 years old, there are many pictures of drunkards. Drunken men, waving wine cups in both hands, are being carried home by slaves. Drunken women lurch through the streets, followed by little mocking children. All this, mind you, 5,000 years ago, says an antiquary in the Chicago Chronicle.

Alexander the Great used to hold drinking contests. He who could drink and carry off the most wine won. Promachus won a gold cup from Alexander by drinking 14 quarts of wine.

The Romans used to serve at their banquets wines 80 and 100 years old. They would mix with these wines turpentine, resin and sea water. Thus, they thought, a fine flavor was gotten. I once tasted a wine 20 years old. It was so thick we had to dig it out with a spoon. Its flavor was so horrible that turpentine, resin and sea water would, no doubt, have improved it.

To Avoid Accident. The Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt has ordained that druggists are to insist upon legible prescriptions or be themselves responsible for the consequences of errors in compounding them.

Estelle—"Does Maude get her beautiful complexion from her mother?" Adele—"No, from the drug store."

One Economy. "Old Jones must be very rich. Three of his daughter have had the operation for appendicitis." "Oh, I don't know! It doesn't require any clothes."—Life.

Reasonably Certain. Though one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives," no doubt the feminine half of that half is doing its best to find out. —Philadelphia Ledger.

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SMALL PROFITS AND PROSPERITY

That small profits go to make up the very considerable prosperity of New Hampshire appears to be a fact not to be successfully denied. Our own county of Rockingham, which contains the largest number of farms of any county in the state, must be the most interested, for it is the small profits of the truck, vegetable and poultry farms that make up such a surprising aggregate for the state as a whole. Just what this aggregate is, can be only estimated, but it is sufficiently evident after even a cursory examination that it must be larger than any one would at first suppose.

Hitherto Tennessee has been the state of truck and poultry farms, but the volume of summer trade catered to, and the increased amount of out-of-door freight business done by the Boston and Maine railroad in the Granite state, show that we must be not far from first place.

The lesser farm products have in the past, we believe, received too little attention from the farmer in this state. The egg industry, for instance, last year approximated over half a billion dollars,—to be exact, \$520,000,000. What other staple is there which, considering the amount of capital invested, makes as good a showing as this? The hen has always been appreciated up here among the hills as well as along our short strip of seacoast, the most important part of which is that within Portsmouth's limits.

Dairying, too, goes hand in hand with farming. It is estimated that the money output from the milk and butter products of the United States is about three-quarters of a billion dollars,—the figures are in the neighborhood of \$665,000,000. This branch has by no means been followed in New Hampshire as vigorously as it might have been, but with the coming of improved dairying methods, and the increase of knowledge—which is power—concerning its necessary profit making features, it has increased greatly during the past two or three years.

As to location for transportation facilities, there could hardly be any improvement on New Hampshire's. Not only is a very great part of the dairy products used in Massachusetts shipped from this state over the Boston and Maine railroad, but the same is also true of the very cattle disposed of in the big suburban markets. Most of these latter shipments are made, we believe, from Cheshire county.

Larger classes year by year at New Hampshire College also furnish an encouraging indication of what is to be the future of New Hampshire in the hands of the intelligent farmer. More profit can be got out of one acre of land by the man who knows how than out of twenty by the man who farms with obsolete methods handicapping his every struggle for advancement. The Scotch adage about "many a mickle" applies to farming as well as to other pursuits, and the farmer with a dozen expedients at hand to

trap the small profits finds at the end of the season that he has won prosperity.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

When weary of jogging
Your brain along,
Just sit down and write out
A popular song!

Who will liken William Jennings Bryan's voyage over the Pacific to Caesar's crossing the Rubicon?

It looks as if, thanks to Senator Gallinger and Congressman Currier, the White Mountain might be saved.

In The Independent we find Poulney Bigelow upheld. Well, there is nothing quite so monotonous as unanimity.

Horses are said to be in greater demand than ever. Does this mean the kind used in high schools and colleges?

Everyone is busy explaining Bernard Shaw, but up to date no really competent critic has arisen except Bernard himself.

Over in China they are getting enthusiastic about football. Probably they want to introduce it as a feature of the next Boxer uprising.

Frank J. Shea of Nashua, the Colby college coach, is known as "Handsome Hank." Thus does fame thrust herself upon New Hampshire men.

In the New England magazine is an article on "Urbanizing Rural New England." But does rural New England want to be urbanized, and, if so, why?

When President Roosevelt says there is a huge lobby trying to defeat the statehood bill at Washington, you can set it down that he knows what he is talking about.

If, as President Roosevelt suggests, the frigate Constitution is restored and sent to the naval academy at Annapolis, will the historic old vessel have to submit to the ignominy of hazing?

NEWS OF THE NAVY

Pressure is being brought to induce the navy department to send the dismantled monitor Canonicus to the Jamestown exposition as an exhibition. It is estimated that it would require the expenditure of \$10,000 to make the hulk presentable, and even then she would be more a disappointment than a gratifying spectacle, according to the views of naval officers.

The naval committee office of the bureau of equipment has been transferred from the basement of the navy department to the naval observatory.

Plans for the new battleships are being drawn, with provisions for reciprocating engines, regardless of the reports that one at least would be equipped with turbine engines.

The department has decided to take the Sylvia away from the Maryland naval mill and repair her at the Norfolk navy yard. After she is repaired she will probably be used for the training of enlisted men. In like manner the Portsmouth has been sent to New York navy yard for repairs.

Repairs have been authorized on the Celtic with a view of making her the supply ship of the Atlantic fleet. She will take on her first trip about \$40,000 worth of provisions, the largest shipment ever sent to an American fleet. It will include 400,000 pounds fresh beef, 10,000 pounds fresh mutton, 20,000 pounds fresh chicken, 300,000 pounds potatoes and 10,000 pounds cheese.

Midshipman J. C. McDermott appointed to the Naval Academy from Tennessee, has resigned because he dislikes the service and his resignation has been accepted.

Among naval officers temporarily in Washington are Lieut. Comdr. A. Rust, Lieut. E. C. Kalbfuss, Lieut. John K. Robinson and Lieut. Comdr. Uyer, military governor of Guam.

A DISAGREEMENT

Reported Yesterday Afternoon in Famous Seabrook Case

The jury in the famous Seabrook case of Evans vs. Reed, administrator, reported a disagreement yesterday afternoon in superior court at Exeter.

The jury is said to have stood six to six, and was discharged at 5:40 p. m.

OUR EXCHANGES

The Old Story
Have all the songs been sung, my dear?

And is there nothing new—
Some melody that strikes the ear
As strains of music do.
That have an art to touch the heart—
Some unexpected tune
To push the winter's doors apart
And breathe the air of June?

Have all the rhymes been made, my dear

And all the meters used?
I want to write you something here
That cannot be accused
Of being trite—if I but might
A bit of lovers' lore,
Of which you cannot say: "I'm quite
Sure I've heard that before!"

I guess the subject is too old
For any new expression,
And any words seem far too cold
For any love's confession.
Let other men go searching, then,
For something that is new;
I'll use the same old phrase again—
"Gee, but I'm stuck on you!"
—Cleveland Leader.

Water Level

Things maintain their level pretty well in this world, after all. The time was when Aguinaldo was a man of position and authority, while Bryan was a humble Nebraskan farmer. Now Bryan has risen to the proud estate of a Datto, and Aguinaldo is enjoying simple life on his little farm near Manila.—Kennebec Journal.

Is This A Riddle Or A Joke?

The Russian delegates to the Portsmouth peace conference have presented to the U. S. S. Mayflower a valuable punch bowl, in recognition of the ship's hospitality to them during the conference. If a punch bowl isn't an emblem of hospitality, what is?—Manchester Union.

The Manly Mann

Colonel Mann, the editor of Town Topics, testifies that first and last he has "borrowed" something like \$200,000 of prominent capitalists. Some of this he repaid in cash and some was offset by shares in Town Topics stock at \$1,000 per share. As the stock had a par value of \$10, the inference is that Colonel Mann is, or was, a past master in the leg-pulling business. Some commentators will not hesitate to use the word "blackmail" in connection with these transactions, but the word is a harsh one, and the doughty colonel would no doubt like it understood that he is a perfect gentleman, with a gentleman's ideas of honesty and the amenities of business.—Biddeford Journal.

Senator Hale

The level head of Senator Eugene Hale of Maine looms up large in Washington of late. He is leading intelligently.—Boston Herald.

To Improve Consular Service

Secretary Root spoke the truth when he told the house committee on appropriations that the consular service would never become thoroughly efficient until it was taken out of politics until representatives and senators are cured of the pestiferous delusion that hustling to land appointments in office is a true legislative function, enhancing a legislator's dignity and extending his reputation and power.—New York Tribune.

Was It?

Once a man wrote a book entitled Mexico in 1879 and 1880. It turned out that he landed in Mexico on the last day of December of the first named year and sailed away on the following day. This man should collaborate with Poulney Bigelow, whose information about the isthmus was gathered in a few hours' stay.—Portland Express.

The Better Reasons

A woman's club at Pittsburg says that for sanitary reasons a woman's skirt should not extend below her knees. Most women decide, however, that for other reasons they should.—Gardiner Reporter-Journal.

MOVEMENTS OF NAVAL VESSELS

Arrived—Maine, Kearsarge, Alabama, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Yankton, Hopkins, Worden, Truxton, MacDonough and Stewart at Culebra; Arethusa, Nevada and Florida at Charleston; Bainbridge at Canton.

Sailed—Hannibal from Newport News for Culebra; Arethusa, from Charleston for Culebra; Scorpion, from Sanchez for Monte Christ; Duquesne, from Sanchez for Santo Domingo City; Callao, from Canton for Hongkong.

Dyspepsia is our national ailment. Burdock Blood Bitters is the national cure for it. It strengthens stomach membranes, promotes flow of digestive juices, purifies the blood, builds you up.

If you will eat more

Uneeda Biscuit

you can do more work, enabling you to earn more money, so that you can buy more

Uneeda Biscuit

do more work and earn still more money.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE IDLE OBSERVER

I will not indulge in extended comment on the wonderful weather of the present winter, neither will I remind my friends at much length that there is still plenty of time for cold and snow. It has always been my motto to enjoy the good things the gods provide without worrying about possible future afflictions. I have always found it advisable, too, to endure such weather as Nature sees fit to furnish without complaint. I never did any good to kick, anyway.

While on the subject of the weather, it may be worthy of note that the boys have been playing marbles for several days and the children have been indulging in that peculiar game, "hop scotch." These are pastimes supposed to be peculiar to early spring and they have probably not before been enjoyed in January for a generation.

It seems to me that the famous schooner Polly is still entitled to be regarded as the oldest sailing craft afloat, at least, so far as the claims of the True Love are concerned. The vessel with the sentimental name has long been dismantled and engaged in the plebeian work of a coal barge under the British flag, if a coal barge carries any ensign at all. The Polly, on the other hand, still sails the seas and is still staunch and reliable.

Not many merchant vessels have been more written about in recent years than the Polly. I remember writing a news story dealing with the old schooner several years ago and there are few reporters who have done marine work in this section during the past decade who have not at one time or another told in print her romantic story. She is an interesting craft and when she finally retires permanently from service her passing will be noted with regret.

It may be remembered that some time ago I mentioned a number of names formerly borne by the thoroughfare now known as Maplewood avenue. A friend tells me of still another—Mill street. My informant recently examined an old deed which referred to the present Maplewood avenue by that name. Many Portsmouth streets have had more than one cognomen, but it may be questioned if any others have been given so many titles as the principal avenue of the Christian Shore district.

My attention has lately been called to the fact that Manchester Lodge of Elks, No. 146, was instituted by the officers of Portsmouth Lodge, No. 97, on Dec. 13, 1899. They were assisted by Grand Exalted Ruler Simon Quinlan of Chicago, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Dee of Boston, and Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and District Deputy of New Hampshire True W. Priest of Portsmouth Lodge.

The officers of Portsmouth Lodge who performed the ceremonial work were as follows: Exalted Ruler S. Plummer Jones; Esteemed Leading Knight, J. Frank Magraw; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, John Griffin; Secretary, Frank G. Seymour; Treasurer, Samuel S. Fletcher; Chaplain, Charles W. Taylor; Esquire, Harrie W. Jackson; Assistant Squire, T. J. McCarthy; Inner Guard, Norwell S. Philbrick; Tyler, Charles Chase; Organist, A. N. LaBrie. Of these, Messrs. Jones, Fletcher, Jackson, McCarthy, Philbrick and LaBrie are dead.

The first officers of Manchester

Lodge, installed more than seventeen years ago by the Elks of Portsmouth, are named below: Exalted Ruler, John P. Bartlett; Esteemed Leading Knight, Samuel B. Page; Esteemed Loyal Knight, Arthur E. Clarke; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Charles Howard; Secretary, John M. Crawford; Treasurer, Samuel F. Curtis; Tyler, John G. Hutchinson; Chaplain, Charles R. Corning; Esquire, Herbert F. Norris; Inner Guard, Richard W. Welch; Organist, Walter S. H. Jones. All of these gentlemen except R. W. Welch are still living. Charles R. Corning is now mayor of Concord.

Portsmouth Elks are proud of the fact that True W. Priest, the first exalted ruler of Portsmouth Lodge, was the first district deputy of New Hampshire.

As noted in the news columns of this paper, a prominent man well known in Portsmouth is soon to sail for Japan on an important mission. I refer, of course, to Dr. Kan-ichi Asakawa, Dartmouth's noted Japanese instructor. Dr. Asakawa was for some time a sojourner in Portsmouth last summer during the peace conference and became intimately acquainted with some of the newspaper men of this city. Several graduates of Dartmouth now living here were classmates of Dr. Asakawa.

"ROUND-UP" SALESMEN.

Mellin's Food Company Entertains Traveling Men—Silver Cup for Mr. Doliber.

The thirteenth annual "round-up" of the traveling men of the Mellin's Food Company was concluded Saturday evening by a dinner at Young's Hotel, Boston, Thomas Doliber, president of the company, presided and welcomed to the table the directors, heads of departments and the travelers, some of whom had come from as far as California and Oregon to attend.

The travelers presented to Mr. Doliber a solid silver loving cup made by Tiffany and Company, which had the following inscription:

1855-1905.
Presented
to
Thomas Doliber,
President of the
Mellin's Food Company,
by the
Travelers of the Company,
In Honor of the Completion
of Fifty Years of Business Life.

These "round-ups" have proven to be of the greatest value and importance to the growth of the business, and to them the entire time of two weeks is given each year.

Mr. Doliber stated that Mellin's Food had received the highest award (a gold medal) at the Portland exposition, and that the past year had been a remarkably successful one, and that the sales of Mellin's Food in 1905 were larger than in any previous year.

WEATHER HARD ON BROWN TAILS

Says Hon. Warren Brown, Hampton Falls Weather Observer

Hon. Warren Brown of Hampton Falls, for fifty years a close observer, can recall no January weather like that which has ruled since Sunday. He thinks it will in one important respect have highly beneficial results. The brown tail and gypsy moths are leaving their nests, and myriads he believes, will be killed with the freezing weather of these months.

WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE,
WANTED, TO LET, LOST
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One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

WANTED—Furnaces to take care of or general work of any kind. Wm. H. Green, Jan 23, 1906.

ENERGETIC workers everywhere to dis tribute circulars, samples and advertise matter. Good pay. No canvassing. Co operative Advertising Co., New York. Jan 20, 1906.

WANTED—Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. Train, 32 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y. or 100 N. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn. Phone 1001.

FOR SALE—A modern, up-to-date seashore cottage. One of the finest spots on the New Hampshire coast. Address "S.," care Chronicle.

FOR SALE—A room house and barn cor. Maplewood Ave. and Prospect St. Apply to C. E. Almy, 57 Market St.

SAFE FOR SALE—A good safe which cost new \$20.00 can be purchased at a bargain. Address G. W. D. Chronicle office.

TO LET—House on Kingston Street, vacant after Nov. 1st; furnace heat. Apply to Sugden Brothers, No. 3 Green Street.

TO LET—10 room tenement cor. Cass and Kingston Sts. Apply to C. E. Almy, 57 Market St.

HIST SCORE CARDS for sale at this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms To Let, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

WANTED—Live agents in every town in New Hampshire and Maine to represent the New Hampshire Gazette. Address this office.

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Blank Books Made to Order.

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Over Fay's Store, Portsmouth, N. H.

DIARY ENTRIES
Made By Josiah F. Adams Of This City

JAN. 1, 1876, THERMOMETER MARKED 76 DEGREES

The Local Celebration Of The Centennial Mentioned

PORTSMOUTH BARK THAT SAILED INDIAN SEAS — OTHER NOTES

The remarkably warm weather record for Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of this week as given in *The Herald* has reminded Josiah F. Adams, one of Portsmouth's aged and respected residents, of a record made by him on Jan. 1, 1876, as follows:

"No snow on the ground. Quite warm, seventy-six degrees in the sun, and wind southwest." The "heated term," so to speak, continued for three days.

Then followed this record on the same date, Jan. 1, 1876, and concerning the observance of the centennial of America:

"With The Portsmouth Artillery Company in a field near the South pond. At twelve o'clock (midnight) thirty-eight guns were fired, one for each state. We had two brass field pieces. Rang the Universalist bell at 7 20 a. m. one hour. At sunset fired another salute of thirty-eight guns at the same place. Quite warm in the evening. Had a centennial meeting at that time in the Temple." It was during this patriotic salute firing service that Mr. Adams' hearing became affected. His duty was the passing of cartridges to the gunner.

Other old time records from the same gentleman's treasure box have been shown to this reporter, and from which we herewith note the following:

"On Oct. 22, 1845, sailed from this port the bark Ann Parry of Portsmouth, Captain Dennett, for the Indian Ocean on a whaling trip.

"Launched on Saturday, June 21, 1845, from the shipyard on Badger's Island the beautiful ship Judah Tour of 750 tons. She is owned by Capt. Daniel Marcy of this town and Messrs Judah Touto and R. D. Shepard of New Orleans, and was built by Fernald and Pettigrew. She sailed July 28, 1845 at quarter past seven o'clock. Capt. Daniel Marcy commander. She may be considered as a fair specimen of Portsmouth shipbuilding.

"The Columbus, a three decked ship of about 1500 tons, the largest merchantman perhaps in the United States was launched from the yard of Messrs. Fernald and Pettigrew at

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION FOR Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headache, Nausea, Giddiness, Migraine, Heartburn, Flatulence, Jaundice, etc.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS
"Given the Liver."

Used over Seventy Years these pills are testimonials to their reliability. They make, and keep you well—no need to take them continuously.

Purely Vegetable. Absolutely Harmless. For sale everywhere, 25 cents a box, or by mail.

Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son
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There is no scenery in the world that will compare with the view from this palace. Located on highest point in Asheville. Surrounded by one of the finest parks of 100 acres with springs and winding macadamized paths—Mt Mitchell in full view. Dry invigorating climate, adjoining Baltimore Estate, magnificently furnished cuisine unsurpassed. Orchestra, golf, livery, hunting and fishing.

Open all the year. Write for booklet.

EDGAR B. MOORE, — PROPRIETOR
Kenilworth, N. C.

BADGER'S ISLAND, SATURDAY, THE 25th day of September, 1847, at quarter of twelve. She is a magnificent vessel, owned by Messrs. D. and A. Kingsland of New York City, who intend to run her as a freighter between that place and Liverpool. She is to be commanded by Capt. Robert McCann. Mr. Adams carefully cherishes an indenture of his first service as clerk and which is embodied in the following:

"Josiah F. Adams commenced in William Rand's store, Nov. 20, 1845, for two years at six dollars per month being seventy-two dollars per year."

Mr. Rand kept a grocery store for many years on Ceres street and it was here that the subject of this sketch got his initial business education, but he was released before the two years had passed and with a highly complimentary letter of recommendation, from his late employer which is still preserved.

Mr. Adams' next service was as follows:

"Josiah F. Adams commenced in Joseph P. Moses shop Dec. 1, 1846, at seven dollars per month." This was a periodical store.

Fifty-four years ago and when ale was not manufactured in Portsmouth Mr. Adams was one of the first to introduce it here for sale. Among his treasure trove relics he shows us a bill dated April 26, 1852, for twelve barrels of the beverage which was brought to this port on the schooner Amelia and consigned to him. The supply was bought in New York of a firm long since retired, whose preserved card reads as follows:

Samuel Wescott,
BERGEN ALE
PALE, AMBER and BROWN
For shipping and city use
Office, 102 Murray street
New York

Mr. Adams recalls that the introduction of ale created quite a demand for it in Portsmouth and vicinity, and that he received many orders for it in bulk. It would hardly have been believed that after a lapse of fifty-four years this city would have three mammoth breweries in operation for the manufacture of ale.

Finally, and embraced in Mr. Adams' relics is a gruesome thing—a part of the sill of the window at Smutty-Nose island, Isles of Shoals, through which Mrs. John Hontveit jumped when she discovered that Louis H. F. Wagner had murdered the two Christenson sisters. It will be thirty-three years ago that this fearful tragedy was committed—on March 6, 1873.

ORDERED BY BONAPARTE
Discharge of Between 2,000 and 3,000 Men From Navy Yards

The following dispatch has been sent out from Washington:

Secretary Bonaparte has issued an order directing another reduction in the force of the navy yards of the country which will affect between 2000 and 3000 men and save the government approximately \$200,000 a month.

The order together with the one issued on Tuesday decreasing the force of the steam engineering department at the navy yards, will cause the dismissal of between 3000 and 4000 men and result in a saving of about \$200,000 a month.

The new order applies to the bureaus of equipment, ordnance and construction and repair.

"MARTIN" FOUND
(Continued from first page.)

the story, the Brooklyn police have communicated with the Massachusetts authorities and will hold the prisoner until they learn from them whether or not they desire to come on here to question the man.

The man accused by his wife gave the name of John MacIsaacs. Mrs. MacIsaacs declares that at about the time of the Page murder, and prior to her marriage to him, MacIsaacs was employed as a barber at the Plaza Hotel, Boston, where he was known as J. L. Morton. Charles L. Tucker was convicted of the murder of the Page girl.

Man Was Wanted
Boston, Jan. 25.—During the trial of Tucker at East Cambridge a year ago the name J. L. Morton played an important part. When the police examined the Page premises at Weston following the murder they found on the floor of one of the rooms a small piece of paper bearing the address "J. L. Morton, Charlestown, Mass." written in pencil. The prosecution sought to show by handwriting experts that the address was written by Tucker. Neither the prosecution nor the defense was able, however, to find any J. L. Morton up to the time of the trial.

FIRST ANNUAL
Concert And Ball Last Evening
BY THE FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES
Many Participants In Affair At Peirce Hall
AN EVENING OF MORE THAN ORDINARY PLEASURE ENJOYED



John M. Logue, Floor Director and Worthy President

ordered, and they will have to hustle to make any improvement on the good time and perfect arrangements that they carried out on the occasion of the initial dance of the organization, which was in every way a gratifying success.

At nine o'clock the grand march was formed and John Logue and Laura Micott led the long line of marchers, who took up twenty minutes in pretty movements.

The circle followed and then the



W. P. Miskell, Worthy Past President

regular order of eighteen numbers commenced.

The music was by Hoyt and Parker's orchestra, and was so popular and catchy that several encores were



William Casey, Worthy Treasurer

given, which were well deserved.

The floor was under the direction of Past President William P. Miskell and his assistants were President

John Logue and Vice President John W. Dunn.

The following is the list of dances and order of dances:

Order of Dances

Grand March and Circle

1. WALTZ To the first

2. TWO STEP It's still growing

3. QUADRILLE First Hatching of the Eagles

4. SCHOTTISCHE Always looking for good members

5. WALTZ Pay respects to outside guard

6. TWO STEP What's the matter with the Chaplain

7. QUADRILLE To Our Lady Friends Intermission, 30 Minutes Waltz Two Step Schottische

8. QUADRILLE Success to the worthy Past-President

9. WALTZ Our degree team

10. CAPRICE Out of town members

11. TWO STEP Our new staff officers

12. PORTLAND FANCY Everyone loop the loop

13. WALTZ Respects to Billie and Jerry

14. SCHOTTISCHE Regards to the committee

15. TWO STEP



Wallace G. Campbell, Worthy Chaplain

Have an application on us

16. POLKA It's only \$25

17. TWO STEP Mercedes

18. WALTZ 682 forever! Come to our next EXTRA

Ads.—Daniel O'Brien, William P. Gallagher, W. J. Kennedy, Edward Lamonde, Dennis Burke, Dennis Noyahon and James Doonan

Reception Committee—Thomas Brown, Robert Anderson, William Casey, Frank Fetherstone, Wallace G. Campbell, John Webb, Edward Welch and William Leahy.

Several visitors and out of town members were present from Exeter, Dover, Rochester and other nearby towns.

"JOE" WHEELER DYING
Veteran of Two Wars Not Expected to Live

New York, Jan. 25.—The condition of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who is ill with pneumonia at the home of his sister in Brooklyn, is critical. Dr. A. J. McCorkle, who is attending the aged veteran, announces that he is growing weaker and his condition is less assuring. All Gen. Wheeler's daughters, as well as his sister and brother-in-law, are now with him.

SPECIAL LOW RATES

To all points in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia, February 15th to April 7th, 1906. Round Trip Homeseekers' Tickets on special days. Write at once for information and maps to Wm. Kelly, Traveling Agent, Wisconsin Central Railway, 290 Broadway, New York City.

A specific for pain—Dr. T. J. Mas' Electric Oil, strongest, cheapest, best—men ever devised. A household remedy in America for 25 years.

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL RICH AND PURE
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY, N. Y.

SO FAR
Not a single competitor has been able to produce even an inferior Ale to put on the market as a substitute for our

Lively Ale
Perfection in brewing that has not been attained by any other Brewery makes this Ale so popular.

The Frank Jones Brewing Co. Ltd.
Brewers of the Famous Frank Jones Portsmouth Ales.

The Victor Talking Machine

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
IS WITHOUT A PEER.

It reproduces the voices of the world's greatest singers faultlessly. Come into THE UP-TO-DATE STORE and hear the great Tenor, CARUSO, and be convinced that all talking machines are not mechanical toys. New Records every month.

Canney's, 67 Congress St.

COMMERCIAL CLUB WHISKEY.

A Pure Beverage, Especially Adapted For Sickness. All First-class Dealers Keep It

BOTTLED BY EUGENE LYNCH, BOSTON, MASS
Thomas Loughlin Islington Street
AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH.

Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs a Specialty.
Plate Rail with Brackets and Combination Plate Rail and Picture Moulding
Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.
GARDNER V. URCH
No. 23 Hanover Street.
Residence Telephone 52-5.

D. P. PENDEXTER, Carpenter And Builder
CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
JOBING A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES AND PLANS FURNISHED.
D. P. Pendexter, - - - 13 Hanover St

Trade **"Good Morning Call"** Mark
10c TABLETS 25c
GENTLEST LAXATIVE EXISTENT
"They take away that tired feeling, rejuvenate the organic system and prolong life's pleasures"

Constipation and Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache yield promptly to treatment by the "Good Morning Call" Tablets

For sale by one "Berg Street" Portland, Me., or by mail by the "GOOD MORNING CALL" COMPANY, Haverhill, Massachusetts

POSITIVE PROOF
Should Convince the Greatest Skeptic
in Portsmouth

Because it's the evidence of a Portsmouth citizen.
Testimony easily investigated.
The strongest endorsement of merit.

The test of proof. Read it:
Joseph C. Pettigrew, shoe dealer,
37 Congress St., and living at 12 Lexington St., Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Some two months ago I began to have trouble with my eyes and was subject to attacks of dizziness which were very annoying. I got glasses, but wearing them did not seem to remedy the trouble. I decided I had kidney trouble and as I had heard Doan's Kidney Pills recommended highly I procured a box at Philbrick's Pharmacy. I had not taken a whole box before there was a great improvement. I do not have the dizzy spells any more and am able to see all right without glasses. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a valuable kidney remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

HOTEL EMPIRE
Broadway and 63d Street.
Empire Square
NEW YORK CITY
For less money than it costs to stop at other hotels, we offer you:

Splendid Rooms
Excellent Cuisine
Efficient Service
Central Location
ALL IMPROVEMENTS
Automatic Lighting Devices, Electric Clock and Telephone in every room.

\$250,000 has just been spent in
REMODELING
EJ J. NISHING and
REDECORATING
HOTEL EMPIRE
W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.
Send for guide of New York—free

OLIVER W. HAM.
(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)
60 Market Street.
Furniture Dealer
—AND—
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS A 62 and 64 Market Street, or at residence cor. New Vaughan Street and Raynes Avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

The Product Of The
7-20-4
10c. Cigar Factory

Now larger than that of any individual manufacturer in New England. The name R. G. Sullivan stamped on every cigar insures quality

B. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,
Manchester, N. H.

COAL AND WOOD
C. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchants
The Local and Retail Dealers in
Coal and Wood
Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

USE OF VERIFORM APPENDIX.
Acts Like an Air Bulb in Clearing Intestinal Passage.

Among the latest to advance expert opinions on the mission of the mysterious veriform appendix is Philip Schuch, Jr., the chemist, who declares his belief that the appendix is a bulb attached to the intestine for use as a receptacle for air and with the same operation as that of the bulb of a syringe.

Mr. Schuch has been a chemist for seventeen years. Within the past two years he has taken up the study of appendicitis, and many experiments have resulted in the development of the theory which he has just announced.

"The appendix is a small bulb," said Mr. Schuch, "and the opening into the intestine is large enough to admit a good sized needle. I have proved conclusively to myself that air congests in this bulb, and that it acts in the same manner as the bulb on a syringe or the chamber of a force pump, in giving material assistance to the expulsion of the contents of the intestine.

"The causes of appendicitis are as follows: The eating of much indigestible food, such as insoluble gritty stuffs and substances, which are converted into glucose through the action of gastric juices and acids in the system; the lack of sufficient gastric juice to properly digest the food in the stomach, and eating in haste, without sufficient time for the proper mixing of the saliva with the food.

"Appendicitis occurs much more frequently among those who live expensively and partake of many luxuries. All this food is easily and quickly converted into glucose, or a gummy substance that lines the interior of the intestine with a thin but impenetrable coating. This closes the opening to the appendix.

"Now, in the event that a strong dose of physic is taken and this lining is quickly dissolved, the aperture of the appendix is opened. The air in the intestine, carrying with it a certain quantity of matter, will enter the appendix suddenly, distending it, and subjecting its walls to considerable strain. The matter from the intestine will thus remain in the appendix. The particles, containing a large number of noxious germs, will cling to the sides and irritation will eventually begin. This will develop into inflammation and finally ulceration. A person will then have trouble with his appendix, and an operation will sooner or later have to be performed to remove the ulcerated organ.

"A person can live without his appendix, just as one can live without eyes. So long as the man without the appendix is careful of his diet and his condition he will not suffer.

"Statistics show that a large percent of those operated upon eventually go insane and die as a result of the operation. I have studied this question several years and I am convinced that the removal of the appendix before it is made absolutely necessary by decay is unwise and unwarranted.

Care of Furniture.
Furniture can be unhealthful in many ways. If too dark it is depressing to the vitality; if too large it takes up valuable air space. Generally, it is a great refuge for dust. Now, we get a very large proportion of our diseases through dust, and it is therefore essential to do everything that we can to prevent its accumulation.

The tops of bookcases and wardrobes are usually bordered by cornices, and become what might be called lakes of dry mud. Here the deadly microbe breeds and multiplies, finally entering our bodies.

These danger places should be covered with strong paper, pasted to the edges of the cornice, and then it would be easy to remove the dust on each room cleaning day. Great care should be taken to sweep the dust from under valanced beds and heavy pieces of furniture.

Heavy, thick curtains should be often taken down and well shaken in the open air. And if possible they should have no place in the sleeping rooms. All corners, especially dark ones, should be cleaned with a damp cloth. Dusting ought always to be effected with a soft, damp cloth, which should be washed frequently. It is better to burn dust, for if thrown in the ashpit it is liable to be blown again into the house.

Ways of Siberians.
Some interesting phases of Siberian life are described in Samuel Turner's book on that country. Of the exiles he writes: "When I told a Siberian friend that I carried a revolver as a protection against wolves, I was promptly informed that I had much more reason to fear the human wolves I might encounter, and this I found, was a general view of the case. About one-third of the criminal exiles escape all control. Armed with a stick, to which is attached a strong piece of cord or catgut, they will approach the unwary traveler from behind, throw the cord around his neck, and quietly strangle him by twisting the stick, to rob him at their leisure of whatever he may possess, or secure his passport in order to make their escape from the country."

Great is the butter making of Siberia, and greater, says Mr. Turner, is to become—a region that might supply half mankind with butter. "There are, however, peasants who, for one reason or another, refuse to sell their milk or turn it into butter. The owner of a farm, not far from the station of Tagai was asked by a Danish friend why he did not sell the milk from his 200 cows to the neighboring dairy. He replied that his grandfather and his father had not sold milk before him, and that he saw no reason why he should do so, he was sure the Lord would do so, he was sure the Lord would not like it."

Here is a familiar picture which the author saw on the Siberian railway as he traveled on it, day after day, across the sea of steppe: "We often passed sledges going in the same direction as our train, and sometimes, when the horses took flight at the engine, they maintained the same speed as the train for considerable distances, frequently transmitting the race by overtaking the sledges and scattering their occupants."

Old World "R. F. D."
Postal conditions in the interior of Turkey are still in a patriarchal stage of evolution. When a postman arrives in a village on muleback he distributes the letters in a public place, giving each his own, and then putting the undelivered ones in the hands of relatives or acquaintances of those to whom they are addressed. Yet it is said that 99 per cent. never reach their destination.

In Russia one-half of the whole sum of direct taxes is borne by the agriculturists.

Yezd, a City of Mud.
"One of the most extraordinary cities of the world is Yezd, in central Persia," writes a traveler. "It is situated in the midst of a vast salt desert which stretches for hundreds of miles in all directions. The nearest inhabited place of any size is Isfahan, and that is 200 miles away. The inhabitants of Yezd have been away from Yezd during their lives number, perhaps, two or three more, and the bulk of these have not extended their travels further than to Shiraz or Kirman in the one direction, or to Isfahan in the other. Yet between 50,000 and 60,000 people make the place their home. For nine-tenths of every 100 of these the great outside world has no more interest—it has absolutely no interest in it at all."

"Yezd is a city made almost entirely of mud. Not only are the houses built of this material, but the very furniture, the firepans, the barrels for grain, the children's toys, the bread receptacles, even the beds, are simply mud, molded into a rough form and dried in the sun."

"In the Yezd shops the goods, mostly mud, are displayed on tiers of mud ledges, and there is a mud room behind. The bakers' ovens are of mud, down to the very doors. Many of the Yezdis even eat mud and develop an unwholesome muddy complexion by consequence."

A Pasticious Confidence Game.
A pork butcher of the Latin quarter in Paris was asked for credit by a piteous little Italian boy with a violin. The lad told how his mother and sister were superfluous in their garret. Not a sou had the poor little musician made that day. If he left his violin as a pledge would not the pork butcher let him have a string of sausages? The compassionate tradesman agreed at once and the boy handing over his instrument, went off with a plentiful supper. The next day a well dressed man, knocking to look in at the shop, saw the violin, examined it and started back in surprise. Did the pork butcher know what a treasure he had? It was a Stradivarius, worth any amount.

Having heard the story of the Italian boy, the well dressed gentleman proposed that the tradesman should buy the instrument. If he got it for \$150 it would be dirt cheap and the well dressed person himself could sell it for him afterward for ten times that amount. The boy came to pay for his sausages and to claim the violin, "Sell it!" he exclaimed when asked by the pork butcher. "Never, for it is the only treasure left me from my grandfather, to whose grandfather it had belonged before that."

At last, however, having gone home to consult his mother, he agreed. Embracing his beloved violin, with tears in his eyes, he parted with it for \$30. The supposed amateur never turned up. The pork butcher took the violin to a dealer, who pronounced it to be worth 75 cents.

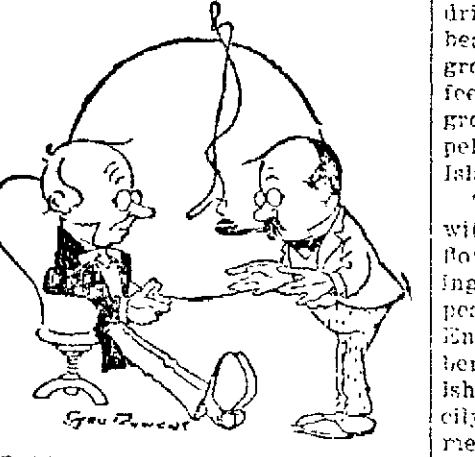
Flowers That People Eat.
One of the best known of edible flowers is the nasturtium. Usually the showy and warm tasting blossoms are served, in conjunction with the young leaves, in the form of a salad; but they are frequently boiled, and in some remote country districts they are dried, pulverized and used as a condiment.

Cowslip puddings are highly esteemed in England. It takes some thousands of blossoms, however, to make a family dish, and to many even not over-sentimental people such a disposition of one of Nature's fairest gifts will seem something akin to outrage. It is sweet and succulent, without being sickly, with a peculiar and delicious flavor of its own, reminiscent of honey, but honey transformed and etherialized.

Cloves which are used so largely in many culinary operations, are the dried and prepared flowers of a beautiful evergreen tree, which grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, and is a native of the small group of islands in the Indian Archipelago called the Moluccas, or Spice Islands.

The capers in the sauce you use with your boiled mutton are pickled flowers. The caper plant is a trailing, thorny shrub, in habits and appearance not very much unlike the English bramble, and bears a number of handsome blooms of a pinkish-white color. It is cultivated in Sicily and the south of France. In commercial circles capers are valued according to the period at which the flowers are gathered.

Undoubtedly, however, the most common of all edible blossoms is the broccoli, or cauliflower, which is merely the inflorescence of the plant modified by cultivation so as to form the compact, succulent white mass, or head, with which we are all more or less familiar.



Acceptable.
Baillif—What did they do with the deaf prisoner?
Attorney—Gave him a hearing.

"Mama" and "Papa."
German chauvinism penetrates everywhere nowadays. Some earnest Teutons have started the idea that German children must drop the words "Mama" and "Papa" in favor of "Mutter" (mother) and "Vater" (father). "How," say they, "can anybody prefer the unmeaning 'Mama' to the deep and impressive 'Mutter'? Nothing can replace for a German the word 'Mutter,' certainly not the French 'Mama.' A certain philologist, however, asks how it can be suggested that the word 'Mama' is derived from the French, seeing that it is probably to be found in all languages of the world. In the numerous dialects of Africa and in India the word for mother is 'Mama,' which is given as a title of honor to every elderly dame deserving of respect and reverence. 'Mama' and 'Papa' (Baba) are so generally used in all parts of the world that they probably date back some thousands of years.

BOUDOIR CHAT.
Don't worry. Worry wears you out quickly.

When the hands are in bad condition of chapping or redness cosmetic gloves will heal them more quickly than anything else.

Don't wear rings that are too small; the inevitable result is discoloration—red and swollen hands and knuckles.

Creams containing animal fats are liable to cause a growth of dandruff, and for that reason should be avoided.

For the hay fever bath fill a small bag with the blossoms, put in a little of water and boil fifteen minutes. Strain and pour the decoction into the bath. This bath, according to Father Kneipp, opens the pores and dissolves the effete matter shut up in the body.

CIVILIZATION AND INSANITY.
This and Cigarettes Responsible for Increased Number.

Civilization, cigarettes, and drink are the three great causes of insanity in England, says Dr. Forbes Winslow, in the New York American.

The proportion of insane because of love affairs is small—0.5 per cent. in men and 1.7 in women. We are getting better in this respect. At the present moment there is not so much sentiment as there used to be. I do not really think, except in the case of the silly attachments of boys and girls, that there is much real love nowadays.

Matrimonial matters are regarded more rationally. Blind, unreasoning devotion is a thing almost of the past.

"A good deal of madness," continued Dr. Winslow, "is governed by the laws of heredity; and, although a person predisposed to madness may successfully undergo enormous mental strain, the collapse must come—not because of the strain, but on account of the predisposition."

"And what, in your experience, are the prime causes of insanity at this day?"

"Alcohol must be given first place. No one could be found mad enough to deny that it is a brain poison; and the insanity due, directly or indirectly, to drink is appalling. Then there is the use of tobacco—in the shape of cigarettes particularly; I do not say pipe smoking is harmful unless carried to excess. But the use of cigarettes—especially on an empty stomach—is a very potent factor in the making of a lunatic."

Dr. Winslow contended also that his experience and the statistics of lunacy throughout the world prove conclusively that the more civilized the area the more insanity there is produced.

"There is," he said, "practically no lunacy among Asiatics or the natives of Africa or other extensive territories, but sparsely populated. Wherever the arts and sciences are studied to the highest perfection lunacy must abound."

Points About Potatoes.
In cooking this valuable vegetable, to obtain the best advantages let it be remembered always that mealy potatoes are most easily digested, that old potatoes are more beneficial than new ones and that close waxy potatoes are unwholesome.

Wilted, shriveled potatoes must always be put to soak well in cold water for some hours, as must also potatoes which have become frozen slightly.

Raw potatoes when pared should be dropped at once into clear, cold water until put on to cook, or they will become badly discolored.

For boiling or baking potatoes of uniform size should be selected that all may be cooked equally.

Always wash or scrub well with a small brush, potatoes which are to be cooked in their skins.

To boil potatoes properly, put down in boiling water and let boil moderately until soft enough to pierce through with a fork. Drain off all the water immediately and thoroughly, or the potatoes will become soggy, losing their mealy quality. Sprinkle with salt.

Shake the vessel up and down well—dislodging and separating each potato, and in the process exposing each to the air for a few seconds. Cover over with a napkin or clean towel and set on the range shelf to keep hot for five minutes before serving.

BECOMING COLORS.
The tint of the orange is becoming to the brunette with a fair complexion.

For the blonde the delicate yellow of ripe corn is beautiful.

Bright green is becoming to the pale, but clear, skin, but not to a high or muddled complexion.

Violet is wearable only for a face quite free from yellow tints.

Blue is remarkably becoming to fair skins, but only the darkest shades are favorable to brunettes.

Creamy white is almost universally becoming and the introduction of cream lace makes an otherwise impossible color wearable.

Black is flattering to a blonde, but if she be not fair enough to look well in black an admixture of her own especial color is permissible.

Usually the soft toned grays look well with yellow or brown hair.

Browns are becoming to the clear skin crowned with golden or brown hair.

Red is becoming to either blonde or brunette, so that the skin be fair enough or dark enough and provided it is just the right shade of the hue.

Vanishing Home.
People who know what a home is are not so many as middle-aged men and women think, and they who never had one will hardly be expected to join in the lament at its gradual disappearance, says the Brooklyn Eagle. That it is going out of fashion there is not a doubt. Every new pile of flats, every conversion of a dwelling to a boarding house, is a signal of the circumstance. The modern family shifts from one tenement to another, loses or damages its goods in the transit, but as constantly losing the old, and is without quiet and retirement and peace. The older people regret the change; the younger have no standards by which to measure it.

An Antiphony of Love.
A poet has said that "as for Browning's love for his wife, nothing more tender and chivalrous has ever been told of ideal lovers in an ideal romance. It is so beautiful a story that one often prefers it to the sweetest or loveliest poem that came from the lips of either." True; yet the lives of the two as poets make the story what it is. Their lives, indeed, were poems, as Milton said poets' lives should be, and their poetry was their life, as Mrs. Browning said should also be true of poets. The world could spare neither the lives nor the poems, and especially would it be poor without those poems in which each sang of the other. Take these together, was there ever, in all the treasury of the world's literature, so angelical an antiphony of love, antiphony by the two radiant and immortal lovers themselves?—Century.

Refused to Treat Czarina.
The court physicians in Russia, says the London Lancet, have hitherto been almost exclusively German. Some time ago, when the Czarina was suffering from some affection of the throat, the Czar summoned a Russian physician named Botkine.

When the doctor requested the Czarina to remove the wraps from her throat in order that he might examine her larynx, she declined to do so, saying no doctors had ever made such a request. Dr. Botkine, who is an independent man, immediately left her presence. The Czar after hearing of the circumstances, appointed Dr. Botkine court physician.

Woman and her Dress.
What is the precise attitude that men would have women take up with regard to dress? They are perpetually rating the sex for alleged extravagance in this direction; they are continually grumbling at fashion, and yet it is not always the least dressed women who attract and command the attention of men?—Lady's World.

Alas, known as early as 400 B. C.
Hippocrates described the method of brewing barley wine

ON "Troubled Waters."
Instructions are given by the British admiralty office regarding the manner in which oil should be poured on "troubled waters." It is recommended that the oil be dropped overboard in small perforated canvas bags capable of holding from one to two gallons, each bag depending from a line whose position differs according to the nature of the sea and direction of the wind. Running before the wind one hangs out two oil bags from either bow, crossing a bar with a flood tide the oil is sent on ahead. For boarding a wreck oil is thrown to windward of her. Waste from the engines seems to be the best oil, though all animal and vegetable oils will serve.

"Lowdownest" Newspaper.
Randolph H. Freeman printed the first newspaper issued below the level of the sea. It comes out at Indio, a station in the Mojave desert, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. He calls it The Submarine. He once described his journal as "lowdownest newspaper on earth"; he uses paper of a "submarine tint," and announces that his office "is located 212 feet from"—. His editorial departments are called "Along the Coral Strand" and "The Underworld," and his funny department is dedicated to McGinty. Another Mojave desert journal is published at the Needles, and is called the Needle's Eye.

Chinese Made the First Paper.
Like a good many other modern industries, that of paper making had its origin with the Chinese. The papyrus of the Greeks and Romans was not paper at all, but simply the piths of the stem of a plant cut into strips, placed side by side and across each other and pressed into a sheet, to which the natural gum of the plant gave a homogeneous character. But the Chinese in very early times made as genuine paper, in its general characteristics, as that produced by the perfected methods and machinery of to-day.

Women's Shopping.
If one studies the physiognomy of tradesmen who have to deal only with the sterner sex, like tobacconists and tailors, evidence will probably be found of a far higher level of vital exuberance and mental serenity than is detected on the faded features of the draper's assistant. The customers of the former demand clothes or tobacco, as the case may be; they do not insist on half an hour's sport as well at the expense of his time and temper.—Times of India, Bombay.

To Impart Vigor.
When you awake in the morning yawn several times. It opens the throat and starts vibrations. Stretching sets a sluggish circulation into full pace; it wakes up sleepy cells and hustles out old tissue; it keeps stiffness at bay; prevents the joints from getting bent to stay. Your arms are not easily stretched out straight perhaps. See if they hang straight down or are a little crooked at elbow and if they are give them a vigorous stretching and relaxing.

For School Books.
Mothers are often called on to cover school books as a protection from little fingers not always above reproach. Paper, silk or calico soon spoils or wears out. Table oilcloth or enamel cloth, as it is often called, wears well, does not show the dirt and whenever soiled can be cleaned with a wet cloth or sponge, coming out as good as new. This serviceable cloth comes not only in white, but in many pretty patterns, in blue, brown, green, etc.

How Men Marry.
Men marry beneath them, or otherwise unsuitably, far more than women do, although a woman has an infinitely more limited choice of spouse, and in the nature of things has less facility for discovering the truth about her prospective life partner than a man would have—if that is to say, he were not so cocksure of his own judgment in things feminine.—The World and His Wife.

Parsnip Stew.
Three slices of salt pork, boil one hour and a half; scrape five large parsnips, cut in quarters lengthwise, add to the pork, and let boil one-half hour, then add a few potatoes, and let all boil together until the potatoes are soft; the fluid in the kettle should be about a cupful when ready to take off.

Breaking In.
Office Boy—Kin I have a week's vacation?
His Employer—Why, you've only been here two days.
Office Boy—Yes; but after I gets used to do job, maybe I kin stand it longer.—Puck.

Eternal Feminine.
"A thousand stars are looking down on you this night!" said the poetical young man to the girl.

And she unconsciously put her hands up to arrange the position of her hat.—Yonkers Statesman.

Didn't Hesitate.
Clara How did you break your husband of stuttering?
Grace—Every time he started it I began to protest against his smoking. It never failed to start his flow of language.—Detroit Free Press.

Women.
She—Women have far clearer minds than men.
He—Naturally; they change them so often.—Tomp's Topics.

Getting Even.
The following story is told of a well known actor now playing in England: Not long ago he received from a New York friend an unpaid letter containing nothing but the following brief message:
"I am well. With kind regards. Your friend."
The recipient, annoyed at having to pay postal charges for such a piece of news, determined to retaliate in kind. Procuring a heavy stone, he packed it in a box and sent it to his New York friend, marking the box, "Collect on delivery." The friend, believing the contents to be valuable, gladly paid the heavy express charges due. On opening the box he found, to his dismay, nothing but the stone and an attached ticket, on which was written:
"On receiving the news that you were well, the accompanying letter rolled off my heart."—Harper's Weekly.

Might Have Been Worse.
Sam Smith—So your wife's mother is a terror, is she?
Jim Jones—That's what. Why, the first time she called on us after we moved into a flat she blew up the speaking tube.

Poor Baby.
Wife (off to Lenox)—Well, I've sent our house plants to a florist, our cat to a cat's home, our dog to a canine boarding house, and our bird to the birds' lodging house, so that they will all be taken care of during my absence. But what in the world am I to do with the baby?—Puck.

Calling the Turn.
Mrs. Celler—It's all well enough for a woman to put up a bluff occasionally, but that Mrs. Newcomer suits me too well in that respect.
Mrs. Homer—How's that?
Mrs. Celler—Why, she says she finds it an awful bore to keep a hand book.—Chicago News.

A Boston Swell.
Briggs—I suppose Horace is all right; but then he is so effeminate—a regular sissy!
Griggs—But he isn't aware of it. He was telling me the other day he couldn't understand why the brakeman always assists him on and off the train.—Boston Transcript.

All of It.
Newitt—But Dr. Price-Price doesn't ask for pay from poor patients.
Marley—No, because he wouldn't get it. When he treated me he asked me if I had any money and I said yes, of course.
Newitt—Well?
Marley—He said, "I'll take it."—Philadelphia Press.

Of Course They Will.
Reuter Reports—A certain amount of insubordination prevails among the crews of the Third Pacific Squadron. Yesterday a sailor was shot for stabbing a lieutenant. But surely this slight irregularity was only a case of high spirits. Tars will be tars.—London Punch.

Stock Washing.
LaMont—Now in Holland I have seen washing going on in the street. That is something you don't see in America.
LaMoyné—Oh, yes, you do.
LaMont—What street did you ever see washing in?
LaMoyné—Wall Street.

Big Undertaking.
Orator—Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster—
Farmer Foddershucks (in a stage whisper)—My land! Merla, let's git out o' here. He's a-zoln' ter start in on the dictionary!—Cleveland Leader.

One Man Trust.
Gyer—My friend Catem writes me that he has a lead pipe cinch in an Arizona town.
Myer—He's a plumber, eh?
Gyer—No; he's the only doctor, druggist and undertaker in the place.

The Chugs.
Mrs. Chugwater (who has been reading the paper)—Josiah what is a "rhinosceros dinner"?
Mr. Chugwater—Any dinner that reduces your rhino seriously. Can't you exercise your own judgment a little when you see I'm busy?—Chicago Tribune.

Not So Hasty.
She—Has your wife improved since she began to have her voice cultivated?
He—Yes, considerably. When she calls me down I notice that it is in a more musical tone than it used to be.—Detroit Free Press.

She Jumped at It.
Mr. Laybor—We traveling men are thinking of organizing.
Miss Nolderman (vaguely)—Yes?
Mr. Laybor—Yes. I wonder what the public would think of our union.
Miss Nolderman—Oh, Mr. Laybor, this is so sudden!—Philadelphia Ledger.

Looked Like a Scandal.
Recon—I saw Babbs out walking with his wife's dressmaker to-day.
Egbert—Are you sure?
"Positively."
"What did his wife say?"
"Oh, she said a great deal."
"Think she would. What a scandal!"
—Yonkers Statesman.

Grain Lands are Made.
Grain lands are made by irrigation.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

THE HERALD.
MINIATURE ALMANAC,
JANUARY 25

SUN RISES 7:45 MOON SETS 10:47 P. M.
 SUN SETS 4:48 FULL MOON 11:35 A. M.
 LENGTH OF DAY 10:53 FROST PROB. 10:00 P. M.

First Quarter, Feb. 1st, 7h. 31m., morning, E.
 Full Moon, Feb. 9th, 2h. 36m., morning, W.
 Last Quarter, Feb. 16th, 11h. 22m., evening, E.
 New Moon, Feb. 23d, 2h. 32m., morning, E.

THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

Thirty-two degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS.

St. Paul's day.
 More like winter.
 City meeting this evening.
 Skating may again be enjoyed.
 St. Valentine's day draws near.
 The board of health is still busy.
 The asphalt is as dry as in summer.
 "Should and acquaintance be forgot?"
 Down, down, down goes the price of eggs.
 What will the city fathers do this evening?
 This day belongs to the memory of Robert Burns.
 The city government has much important work to do.
 "Bill" Trueman says his fast steed "Dasher" is a winner.
 Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.
 Will Mayor Marvin appoint his committees this evening?
 The fruit market will offer no large variety for some time to come.
 January has given us more than its fair proportion of bright skies.
 Portsmouth's police have many important captures to their credit.
 The High School boys hope to have a fast baseball team next spring.
 The reduction in the price of eggs is very pleasing to the housewife.
 Daniel Sully has scored one of the hits of his career in his new play.
 The Colonial Stock Company will delight the lovers of repertoire next week.
 Reserved seats for basketball game, Saturday, Jan. 27, now on sale at Bass'.
 No cases of especial local interest have yet received superior court attention.
 Portsmouth people are glad to hear of the capture of the crazy negro Francis.
 The Fraternal Order of Eagles has made its social debut under favorable auspices.
 The reports of business conditions in all parts of the state are very encouraging.
 Portsmouth's speedway has not heard the shouts of the excited horsemen this winter.
 Storer Relief Corps Circle meets this afternoon and evening with Mrs. Aldrich, Hanover street.
 York county furnished ten of the 168 prisoners now serving sentences at the Maine state prison.
 It is tantalizing to be a poultry fancier and have eggs drop in price just as one's hens begin to lay.
 The members of the Young Men's Christian Association will enjoy a supper next Monday evening.
 A snowstorm was said to be on the way, but it has evidently been switched off, at least temporarily.
 Portsmouth is much interested in the attempt to induce Congress to legislate in behalf of American shipping.
 The first annual concert and ball of the Fraternal Order of Eagles drew a large crowd to Peirce Hall last evening.
 The news that a reduction of the working force at the navy yard will be necessary came as an unwelcome surprise.
 Arrived—Barge C. C. Co., No. 18, from Baltimore with 1577 tons of Georges Creek Cumberland coal for Arthur W. Walker.

Professional basketball, Portsmouth vs. Sacred Hearts of Spencer, Peirce Hall, Saturday, Jan. 27. Reserved seats go on sale at Bass' today at one o'clock.
 The continued cases against the man and woman accused of helping Jack Rogers of this city escape from Dover jail come up in police court in that city tomorrow.
 Robert Burns, so far as known, never visited Portsmouth. He is very nearly the only great man whose birthday has lately been celebrated of whom this could be said.

A FINE ART EXHIBIT
Turner Collection At Association Hall
FAITHFUL REPRODUCTIONS OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS

The Turner art exhibit will open in Association Hall at three o'clock this (Thursday) afternoon and will continue through Friday and Saturday. This exhibit was given at Traipe Academy, Kittery, last autumn and its excellence was fully proven at that time. Consequently, much interest has been displayed by the art lovers of this city and vicinity in the second exhibition of the pictures and works of art comprised in the Turner collection.

It is really one of the most varied and interesting popular collections in existence. It comprises reproductions of paintings by the old masters and the best modern artists and representations of great sculptures and architectural masterpieces.

Michelangelo's "Holy Family" is one of the most fascinating of the reproductions and is the only example of the work of that wonderful artist. Correggio's "Holy Night" is another notable picture and still another is Brozik's "Columbus at the Court of Isabella." Raphael Sanzio's "Sistine Madonna," Turner's "Slave Ship" and Murillo's "St. Anthony at Padua" are other unusually fine reproductions.

There are pictures by Rosa Bonheur, including the famous "Horse Fair," and no less than eight Landseer reproductions. L. Alma-Tadema is represented by "A Reading from Homer," there are four Corot pictures, five Murillos, three Sanzios and four Turners. "The Shepherdess" and "The Tired Gleaners" by Miller are shown and Whistler's "Little Rose" and "Head of a Blacksmith."

Paintings representing scenes in American history are "Washington Crossing the Delaware," by Leutze; "Death of Montgomery at Quebec," "The Battle of Bunker Hill," and "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence," by Trumbull; "The Battle of Lexington," by Bicknell; "Sherman's March to the Sea," by Darley; "Washington's Farewell," by Gow, and "Washington at Dorchester Heights," by Stuart.

Among the specimens of sculpture and architecture are "The Minute Man," by Daniel Chester French, a distinguished son of New Hampshire. Representations are shown of the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the arches of Titus and Constantine, the Coliseum, the Parthenon, the Court of Lions, the Court of Myrtles and the Hall of the Two Sisters of the Alhambra, the Dome of St. Peter's, the Forum, the Capitol at Washington and Ann Hathaway's Cottage.

There are in all 200 reproductions in the collection, every one of real merit. The exhibit is by far the best ever shown hereabouts and one that devotees of art are indeed fortunate to be able to see. Such a collection is a novelty and a novelty well worth while.

FOR ALLEGED LARCENY
Richard Cavanaugh Held For Superior Court By Judge Simes

Richard Cavanaugh, who claims to belong in Cambridge, Mass., was before Judge Simes in police court this (Thursday) morning charged with the larceny of a gold watch and chain valued at \$50 from a friend whom he met at a boarding house.

It appeared from the testimony that the man who lost the watch went to sleep in a room and on waking up his timepiece was missing.

He reported the matter to the police and Officer Burke got Cavanaugh near the Gate Shoe Company's factory with the goods.

In court, Cavanaugh testified that the watch was given him and that he did not steal it.

Judge Simes found probable cause to hold Cavanaugh for the April term of superior court in two sureties of \$200.

ENTERTAINED FOUR HUNDRED
Dover Knights of Pythias Had Meeting and Banquet

Olive Branch Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of Dover entertained nearly 400 members of the order at a meeting and banquet on Wednesday evening.

Among the guests were members

The Quality Piano

There is one piano in the making of which quality, and quality alone, is always the sole consideration. Since the day their factory was founded over 82 years ago, the makers of

THE CHICKERING

have spared no effort and overlooked no opportunity to incorporate in this instrument every improvement that years of experience and constant study could suggest. And today it stands alone the embodiment of piano perfection.

H. P. Montgomery,
 Established 1865.
6 Pleasant St. Portsmouth

SECOND NIGHT
Of The Pair Of New Castle Knights Of Pythias

The program of Thursday evening, the second of the fair of Wentworth Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of New Castle, was even more pleasing than that of the first evening. The crowd in attendance was also larger.

Wallace G. Richards of Boston justified his reputation as an impersonator and scored a decided hit. He was inimitable in his readings and character acts. Especially good was the dramatic representation of James Whitcomb Riley's "Hoosier Boy."

Thomas Andrews of this city rendered fine vocal solos and was rewarded by liberal applause.

One of the features of the evening was the serving of the clam chowder prepared by Winslow Amazeen and James White. All who partook of it declared it a culinary masterpiece worthy of the best of the old masters.

This (Thursday) evening, the last of the fair, there will be dancing.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The board of labor has of late been very busy with the many applications for work and the registration has been greatly increased at this quiet time of year.

The cargo of coal, due for the yards and docks power plant, is expected this week.

Two Chinese on board the Caesar, one of the fleet towing the dry dock Dewey to Cavite, have died of a disease known as beriberi. This disease is prevalent in the West Indies and causes a swelling of the limbs, beginning at the feet and working upward through the system. It is due to a poisoning of the blood. For relief a patient must be tapped more or less.

The new scales put in by the Buffalo Scale Company were given a test on Wednesday and worked satisfactorily with a weight of 125,449 pounds upon them. The new scales are of the latest design and the weight is not required to do any writing of figures, as the automatic arrangement prints the gross and tare when the scales are used. The track work about the scales is put down in an up to date manner and trains passing back and forth over the scales do so on dead rails, in order that there may be no weight on the scales when not in use. A spur track of what is known as live rails is connected with the main line tracks and on these the cars are set for weighing. The system is arranged to save wear and tear on the scales and the work of the trackmen in this case is pronounced an excellent piece of track laying from beginning to end.

Patrick Duffy, employed in the supplies and accounts department, had his right foot jammed on Wednesday afternoon by getting it caught in the elevator. The injury was attended at the yard and Duffy removed to his home in Portsmouth.

EDISON TAKEN TO LAWRENCE

Officer Murphy of the Lawrence police department came here on Wednesday and took George Edison, alias Ira Walker, back to that city, where he is wanted for the alleged larceny of jewelry from a boarding house.

PERSONALS.

Miss Ollie Graves is visiting in Manchester.

Harry P. Mowe passed Wednesday in Manchester.

Mrs. W. H. Smith is the guest of friends in Lynn.

Lyman Broughton visited Boston today (Thursday).

Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Gooding are passing the day in Boston.

James Driscoll will pass the remainder of the winter in California.

Arthur M. Dow is the guest of friends in Manchester for a few days.

Miss Marietta Edgewood of Gloucester, Mass., is visiting friends in this city.

Morris Port, manager of the American Cloak Company, is in Boston today (Thursday).

Mrs. Charles Warburton of Exeter is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Pendergast of Vaughan street.

John H. Kirvan formerly of this city, is very ill at his home in Lynn, Mass., and it is feared that he may not recover.

Hon. Horace Mitchell, James H. Walker and Clifford Muchmore of Kittery attended a Masonic gathering in Biddeford on Wednesday evening.

James J. Driscoll has left this city for a Southern and Western trip for the benefit of his health. He contemplates visits to Hot Springs, Ark., and California.

Miss Gertrude Moran left today (Thursday) for Philadelphia and Washington. While in Philadelphia, she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Caldwell and family.

Rear Admiral Joseph Foster, U. S. N., retired, of Middle street will sail for England this week. He will return to this country with a bride. During his absence, his daughters will live at The Rockingham.

Richard Mulcahy of the railroad station came returned from Portland on Wednesday, where he had been for a week or more, owing to the illness of his brother, Thomas Mulcahy, who is reported much improved.

Miss Gertrude Lyons, a former popular employee of The Rockingham, is passing a few days in this city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Dolan of Wilbur street. Miss Lyons now holds a position as cashier at one of the best restaurants on Dartmouth street, Boston.

POLICE COURT

George Wilson was charged in police court this (Thursday) morning with intoxication. George had a suspended sentence hanging over him, but even at that he played in luck. He got a sentence of six months at the farm and costs of \$6.90 on the old case and the same on the new charge. He promised to get out of town in a short time and the court told him he could skate and allowed him thirty minutes to make his escape.

On this condition the long sentence at the farm was suspended.

REVOLVER SHOTS HEARD

Some rapid shots from a revolver in the vicinity of Freeman's Point at half-past ten Wednesday night caused much alarm among those who heard them. Nothing could be learned today (Thursday) of any trouble in that locality and the shooting may have been some person wasting ammunition or trying out his revolver.

TOO MUCH WATER FOR MILLS.

Controcock, Jan. 25.—The thaw and warm rain has entirely ruined the sleighing and carriages are again in use. Owing to the rise of water the mills have shut down.

MARRIED IN BOSTON

Robert Vaden and Miss Mamie E. Bell of this city were married on Wednesday in Boston.

CAVE RECEPTION
Ladies' Missionary Society Had Supper
AT UNITARIAN CHAPEL ON WEDNESDAY EVENING

The Ladies' Domestic Missionary Society of the Unitarian Church gave a reception and supper to the members of the parish, at the chapel on Court street, Wednesday evening, the parish generally attending and the gathering being marked by rare sociability. Supper was served from small tables ranged around the room and decorated with flowers, cut glass, china and lighted candelabra.

Coffee was poured by Mrs. Gooding. The tables were in charge of Miss Florence Marshall, Miss Florence Hewitt and Miss Ruth Loughton, who were assisted by the following named young people: Eleanor Gooding, Francesca Heffenger, Clarise Barry, Isabel Foster, Florence Ward, Stanley and Phillip Trafton, Clarence Wood and Thomas Wiggin.

The menu was as follows: chicken salad, escalloped oysters, chicken, ham, rolls, cake, olives and candy. Ice cream was served throughout the evening.

Music was furnished by Miss LeNell, soprano, and Miss Vida Whittier, pianist.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Will Be The City Government Meeting This Evening

A regular meeting of the city council, beginning at half past seven o'clock, will be held this evening at City Hall.

The meeting will be one of more than usual interest as a report is due from the special committee appointed to examine the accounts of a former city official.

Councilman Boynton is chairman of this committee, which it was voted to appoint at the first session of the present city government.

The committee, however, was not appointed until the day of the next meeting, and was therefore then forced to ask for further time in which to perform its duties.

OBITUARY

William James Carey

William James Carey died at the Cottage Hospital this (Thursday) morning at the age of twenty-three years, seven months and twenty-one days. The sad event marked the passing of one of Portsmouth's most gifted young scholars.

It was not until Sunday evening of the present week that the young man complained of illness and on professional advice was not allowed to leave his bed.

He rapidly grew worse and an operation was deemed necessary. Wednesday morning, he was conveyed to the Cottage Hospital and the operation was performed in the afternoon.

The operation disclosed the fact that the young man must have been suffering for weeks, his remarkable courage allowing him to maintain a stoical silence.

Little hope was held out for his recovery, it being evident that the end was not far off. He died about ten o'clock this (Thursday) morning.

Mr. Carey was born in Salem, Mass., but early in life moved to this city with his parents, residing here until his death.

He attended the Parochial School on Austin street, making an unusual record as a scholar and an orator.

Entering the High School with the class of 1902, he rapidly rose in the estimation of teachers and pupils by his brilliant achievements. During the preparations for graduation, he was the unanimous choice of his classmates for the honor of class orator.

His presentation speech was declared to be the finest ever delivered upon Music Hall stage.

Since his graduation, he had been employed in this city. Though several times requested to enter politics, he always refused.

Mr. Carey is survived by his mother and by three sisters.

The funeral will be held from his home on Charles street Saturday morning.

INADVERTENTLY OMITTED

Mention was inadvertently omitted yesterday, in the account of the presentation of "Valley Farm" at Freeman's Hall, of the fine acting of Mrs. Florence Harrison, whose rendition of "Lizy Ann Tucker" would have done credit to the professional stage.

MARSHAL ENTWISTLE ATTENDED MEETING

City Marshal Thomas Entwistle went to Providence, R. I., on Wednesday to attend the second annual meeting of the New England Association of Chiefs of Police.

DIED

At Faith Home for the Aged in this city on Thursday, Jan. 25, Miss Rhoda Dow, aged eighty-nine years, Exeter and Manchester papers please copy.

Miss Rhode Dow

The death occurred at Faith Home for the Aged this (Thursday) morning of Miss Rhoda Dow, aged eighty-nine years.

Miss Dow was born in Pittsfield,

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY A
WINTER O'COAT
NOW FOR NEXT SEASON.

All of our Winter Overcoats are Reduced in Prices, including Hart, Schaffner & Marx's Fine Overcoats.

\$8.00 COATS NOW	...	\$3.45
10.00 " "	...	7.75
12.50 " "	...	9.75
15.00 " "	...	11.75
18.50 " "	...	13.75
20.00 " "	...	15.75
22.50 " "	...	18.75

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.,
THE CLOTHIERS.

CHARLES J. WOOD.

Mr. Wood is now occupying his new store, formerly the office of the Rockingham National Bank, Pleasant Street, where he has accommodations for his increasing business. The public is cordially invited to visit Mr. Wood at his new place of business and inspect his new line of cloths.

CHARLES J. WOOD,
Custom Tailor, Pleasant Street.

ENJOYED SMOKE TALK

Portsmouth Yacht Club Members Had A Good Time

A large number of the members of the Portsmouth Yacht Club assembled at the club house on Mechanics street Wednesday evening to enjoy one of their famous smoke talks.

At about eight o'clock Commodore Drowne opened the pleasures of the evening in a short speech and the following program was rendered:

Piano solo, Horace Rowe
 Selection, Fife and Drum Band
 Song, "Bright Eyes," Mr. Rowe
 Selection, Graphophone
 Song, "When the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold,"
 Selection, Fife and Drum Band
 Selection, Graphophone
 Drum solo, Walter Marden

After the concert, refreshments were served and pool, whist and a general good time kept the members busy until a late hour.

This is only the beginning of 1906 which Commodore Drowne intends shall be the banner year of this popular club.

The drum corps deserves especial mention, under the leadership of W. T. Betton.

Horace Rowe presided at the piano.

Y. M. C. A. STANDING

Positions of Teams in Basketball Championship Race

The following is the present standing of the teams in the Young Men's Christian Association basketball championship series:

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Team Three	4	1	.800
Team Two	3	1	.750
Team One	3	2	.600
Team Four	0	5	.000

OF INTEREST TO MARINERS

Notices Issued by the Government Concerning Buoys

The latest government notice to mariners contains the following of Portsmouth interest:

Maine and Massachusetts—Cape Ann to Cape Porpoise, trial course buoys discontinued.

New Hampshire—Little Harbor buoy discontinued; Isles of Shoals light station, fog bell established.

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